TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I went to the races on Saturday and had the most delightful day the gods have given me for two years. I love contests, trials of strength, excitement and all those things that stir one's sluggish blood into a swifter current. I am free to admit that even a prize fight is not half as distasteful to me as it should be, but I cannot bear to see dogs or any animal punished in a brutal way. Any contest in which one faction has no chance is displeasing, but in a horse race where the beast is as eager to win as his rider, where every nerve and muscle is being exerted to achieve victory I can enter into the spirit of it and shout with the best of them, it is such a splendid mimicry of life, such a soul-stirring crisis; it is so full of every sensual impulse that our whole animal nature joins in and a peculiar joyousness makes the day memorable. When the weather is so fine as it was on Saturday, just cool enough to be exhilarating, too warm to be chilly, plenty of sunlight and all our little world agog, he who cannot find pleasure going to the races is too old or too prejudiced to find life worth living.

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Never before did we have such a meeting. The road was not dusty, though the street car tracks robbed driving of half its pleasure. The concourse of people and the variety and picturesqueness of the vehicles lent that charm to the procession which is the great feature of the Derby. I was at the Derby once only, but I shall never forget it or the delights of the road to Epsom. Saturday reminded me of it. We passed a load of good fellows in a Dominion express wagon and one of them had courage enough to toot a horn. Why on race days should people be so frigid and conventional as to refuse to contribute to the hilarity of the carnival? Is it not a day when we can properly drop all our stiffness and be boys again just for luck and the longevity which is contributed to by an occasional forgetfulness of what we try to seem to be? If from the market to the race course were made the carnival route of our Jockey Club meeting, the thousands that came last Saturday may be multiplied a hundred times. If the Queen's Plate is but the central attraction of a day of jollity Toronto will scarcely hold the people who come to see it. Prices in the grand stand could be realized, hitherto undemanded, if the city will just let itself loose as it should and make it a gala day. Toronto is the central and influencing point of racing in Canada. In this as in everything it should be original, unconventional and then it will be delightful. The Derby is not so attractive in itself—it is the grand picnic day of London. The Grand Prix is the most notable event in Paris and the Bois de Boulogne puts on its gayest dress. Toronto has an opportunity of attracting its visitors by contributing as much as is in its power to the festivities.

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The majority of people are firm believers in contests of strength, in that which develops the best points in men and beasts. It is a part of the doctrine instilled into boys of British parentage that there is a great deal in being best, that supremacy is worth something in everything. If there be no prizes to those who lead, no one will try to lead. If there is no best man, no best horse, no best dog, no best anything we will all degenerate into an inferior grade. The best army, the best generals, the best statesmen control that portion of the universe with which we are acquainted.

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Horse racing is said to be an evil insomuch as it begets betting and games of chance. Why Lord bless us, those who never take chances are not alive. The citizen who takes no chances with regard to the progress of the town is a drag and an incumbrance. The man who takes no chances in his business is a brake on the wheel of time. On the race course men meet together and prettily gowned women preside. A man must be a great dandy and a devoted attendant of fair ones if he does not forget women on the race track. The purely and cleanly developed animal portion of him is supreme. There is no place of amusement to which a woman can so safely go with a man as to a race meeting. The man that can lose sight of horses when they are competing for first place and be thoroughly a gallant, is not to be trusted. The woman who forgets the horses and is thoroughly devoted to some man is too deeply in love to be responsible for her actions. Altogether it is a time when men are natural. They make hat pools regardless of who sees them; they argue and shout and swing their hat and forget that they ought to be dignified. Truly it is a great day when we all get young again, and surely we cannot get old again in a moment. The visions we see and the good old times that are brought back cannot be swept away until we have another chance to be boyish.

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The man who goes to a race meeting to make money is a gambler; the one who goes there to take his little chances and have a day's pleasure, imperiling nothing but the few dollars that he is prepared to spend, is a safe kind of a man; the one who goes there to put his all, his bread and butter into the balances, should stay away; but when we know that he can take risks without ever seeing a race course, that he can bet on the odd or even number of the next street car that passes, we cannot hope to stop improper chance-taking by refusing the human race the opportunity of a little excitement under the most favorable auspices.

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The riders, too, take a certain chance of life and limb. Their example is worth something to the boys and men of this over-cautious age. We are too scared of getting hurt physically; our chief aim is not to get hurt financially. The preachers tell us that we should not get hurt morally, that getting hurt morally is the most serious matter. Give the human species a chance, let them have a day now and then! If this is refused we will take our chances and create our excitement in a worse way. Let old friends meet; let them invest in something that is not certain; let excitement run wild. Those that get hit will have learned a lesson; those who win will spend the money and learn, and probably moralize that the dollar which comes by chance goes by chance. Experience teaches, and this old schoolmaster cannot be replaced by a preacher. Let the horns ring out; mix up with horses and gay colors, satisfy the senses in an innocent way, for surely we have a craving for this sort of thing and no amount of preaching will keep us from indulging that which was born before we were and sha'n't die till we are gone and our great-great-great-grand-children shall have passed away. The sport which is kept as clean as possible, the holidays which are filled unto running over, the jollity which is complete is that which is fittest to make the workaday world pleasant to live in.

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A friend of mine said to me on Saturday, "Why here you are going into hat pools and betting, and acting as if you didn't write those pretty things for SATURDAY NIGHT." I thanked him for the "pretty things" compliment, but the indirect charge of being something of a pharisee rankled in my mind. When I go out for a holiday and want these excitements and pleasures I don't want to do it on the sneak. I don't want to have that miserable self-consciousness that anybody is watching me. I want to have my fun untarnished by any thought of a critical eye, and no fun is complete unless there be an entire absence of that feeling of self-consciousness which fills us with uneasiness as to how we look and act and what people may see. If we consider a thing is good and decent let us do it cheerfully and openly, and not as if a hat pool should be hidden behind the fence. The pharisecism of this age, and particularly of this city, is enough to develop a sneakishness which is altogether unmanly and opposite to a proper idea of decent conduct. If it reaches the point when nothing but psalm-singing or money-getting is a safe thing for the eye of the public to observe, sneaking things will be the result. Bless my heart, it seems to me that the men and women who are natural and are not constantly going about and craving forgiveness for sins which they really do not consider to be sins, are safer than those who love the side door and the dark night. There should be some sort of an understanding, and there is too, as to what limits decency will permit, as to how far unconventionality may go, as to when one may take an excursion from stiffness. Surely this is on Jockey Club day. Thank Heaven there are few critics at such a meeting. People come there to live a little day all by itself. They may go away a little bit richer or a little bit poorer, but it is the spice of life and the men and women who patronize a meeting of that sort do more to keep humankind from trying to be something they cannot be than is done by any other section of the community. There is enough trickery and knavery at a race meeting without importing any of the pharisaical elements which lead us to criticize one another during the balance of the year, and Toronto will make no mistake if these meetings are encouraged and the hands of the Jockey Club upheld and a royal *fete* day established in which horses and men and women all turn out in old fashioned style to honor strength and endurance and to forget the plannings and plottings and petty sayings which go too far to make up the sum of our existence.

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THE FISHER GIRL.

John Bright once said in one of those famous deliverances of his, that as we grow old we become retrospective. What was once a milestone to be passed, one far away from the winning post, as years gather themselves together is a spot marking the point where we merged from youth into manhood. Without going into the general idea of how thoughtful men grow old and without criticizing those statesmen who, when the points they have fixed as the limit of their achievement are past, begin to doubt whether there is aught else to gain and thus change the radicalism of their youth for the conservatism of age, there is a phase of life which has its birth in the same impulse and is so every-day in its development and has mankind with such strange unanimity as its exemplar, that it might be interesting to observe it. We have the 24th of May; it is the anniversary of the queen's birth. We observe it; it is the particular day upon which we fix our races and such feasts as may be best patronized when the people are idle. Unfortunately the 1st of July, Federation day, is not so firmly fixed in the public mind, but as a half-way house between the Queen's day and Thanksgiving day it is found convenient. On Thanksgiving day we religiously forget to be thankful as on the first of July it does not enter our minds to be patriotic, because in the wider sense humankind is not given, except as a crowd and influenced by exhilarating circumstances, to celebrate anything or to particularly remember the connection between a holiday and the event which brought it about.

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In private life it is different. We are all anniversarians. Those events which have most deeply impressed us somehow imprint themselves on the calendar and make us unable to forget them. There is always a day in every life when an old secret is re-hidden; when a dead joy is taken from its tomb; when a sorrow is again admitted into our life; when the tooth that we thought had ached out begins to ache again; when a face that we had imagined forever banished peers in on us, and when a past agony renews its hold upon us; a moment when life and its beauties and its conquests are forgotten in the sudden joy or anguish of a thought. These are our anniversaries. The life that has too many of them is cursed; the life that has none of them has been so uneventful that he or she who has lived it has neither loved, hated nor been seen. The older men and women grow, the more these painted posts which mark the decades obtrude themselves upon the hour of quiet thought. The more philosophical the thought, the greater the strength which comes to the support of those who think; and as they gaze away down the thickly trodden paths where the clay of pain has been beaten almost as hard as the brick which has gone through the furnace, they can see these sights and with a quiet tear forget, for old age, while it gives us time to remember, is incapable of reproducing intense pain for it has been dulled by the removal of burning passion and alluring hope.

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The man and wife have sometimes a sudden dawning upon them of the day when they buried the baby. Days follow upon days, each laden with the memory of a suffering, of an agonized hour, of a bedside over which they have wept and prayed, and thus the anniversary of their loss is introduced by a tearful glance and the resurrection of the old agony, but with the dimness with which years surround the thought; and as they look upon one another they say, "It was to-day a year ago, ten years ago. Ah can it be so long ago!" Mournfulness interposes a space, and the joy of the present then bursts forth as God intended it should.

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He who has buried his wife and watched the clay envelope her who had been his greatest joy, has an anniversary which tears his heart. There is no forgetfulness which can remove from his memory the moment when the eyelids drooped over the glance which bade him farewell. The months of loneliness, the absence of the kindly hand, the ear deafened to every voice of consolation and affection, impose upon the mind a silence through which reverberates the date when all these evils overshadowed the soul. We are unaware of our capabilities either of joy or sorrow until the rare moment when we forget ourselves arises, or the certain hour when we remember ourselves overshadows us. Aye, it is a dreadful thing to have loved and lost, it is a still more dreadful thing to have loved and possessed and then to have lost; unless it has been ours we cannot miss it. We may have longed for it and invested its possession with a thousand charms, but until we have entered into joy and dwelt in the smile of one who has loved and been loved, the heart has no room or place created by affection through which the echo of a dead past can sound; there is no place in which a monotone of misery can forever be heard; there is no chord from which an attachment can be torn which must leave so raw and bleeding a place which as suns set and moons change exudes a crimson testimony of pain that we once loved and possessed, while now we weep and cherish a sorrow instead of a joy.

I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

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Lovers who live, much more than lovers who have seen some loved one die, take heed of less important days, of less memorable hours, and they count upon the fingers of time how long it was since last they met, how long it shall be until they meet again. The more we love the more prone we are to become anniversarians. We think of the day long ago when lips were pressed again and again and vows of love were registered; we think of how time shall reunite and make still more blessed those who smiled and wept and said good bye. We watch with strange intentness the coming and going of days, not that we care for time, for we are strangely prodigal of the hours which have passed and can never be regained for the simple reason that we are separated from those we love, and hours and years without them have been held worthless. As we grow older the almanac is more important; the cold shadow of the night-clad iceberg, as we come too close to it, chills us with a thought which makes us cling with wild fear to earth. We hate to approach death, and while every hour seems long in calculation, swiftly it moves from beneath our feet. Old men are eager and exacting lovers; there is no time to lose. Love's confession of to-day must be the marriage of to-morrow; and yet these lives, full of the dreams of second childhood and the brief span of old age, do not lack a romantic halo. Their eagerness is begotten of the brevity of their days, their folly is sometimes excusable insomuch as it is the last, though often the absurd impulse of those who are trying to fill life with beauty or content.

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Those of us who have some expectancy of living until we may recover from the shocks we receive and the sorrows which may be inflicted upon us, have reason to contemplate our anniversaries. Are they the dates around which our follies cluster, or the epochs when our virtues triumphed? If we think, we must be bewildered by the strange procession of days which recall our loving, our suffering, our recognition or abandonment of the best that is in us. Strangely enough, folly will make green the most undesirable event; an indescribable something will call up times and places, faces and forms which prudence and propriety should both bid us forget. Yet this is life! And the bright colors which flash upon it, the lights and half lights which illumine it, the yesterdays of the unburied past, the grave which can never be sealed, the kiss which cannot be forgotten, how well they are all impressed in the word which runs through languages alike, adieu, adios, to God—it is to Him we commend all these things. In an agonized whisper, perchance on these anniversaries, we ask forgiveness and that He may be forgetful that we have been parted from Him. It is to Him we must look when the anniversary comes of aught that we cannot forget! It is then we sometimes at least realize how unfit for Heaven we are unless He can forgive and forget.

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The taxpayers of Toronto must be dim-sighted or dull-witted if the published reports of the demands of the railroads with regard to the Esplanade do not begin to make plain the intentions of those corporations. We may be a very bold and fearless people, thoroughly sick of those resolutions which "view with alarm," but the further we get away from the days of an active citizens' association the more bumptious the railroads become in their demands and the more determined in their refusals. Gradually the whole matter has assumed a different phase. With a quiet determination to get the best of Toronto, no matter if it takes a half-a-dozen winters, the two companies appear to quarrel and the city is induced to quiet them by a promise of something that no sane corporation ought to grant. Then both railways quarrel with the city, as in the case of the Simcoe street property owners, an improper demand is made, and if anybody gets hurt it must be the city. They want help to build stations, want the city to watch over the crossings, the C. P. R. wants a gift of land far exceeding its necessities, the Grand Trunk wants a great price for this land for which as the records show they paid nothing. By and by they will want the mayor and aldermen to sweep out their coaches and wipe off the cowcatcher, and from

what has been seen of the ability of these civic dignitaries they would be much better employed in toil of that sort than in squandering the people's money, making a laughing-stock of the city and failing to do exactly those things they were chosen to do. The citizen can never be expected to see these things as clearly as those who pay particular attention to such matters, but the obscurity of vision which has made Toronto blind to this most important raid upon her treasury and upon the rights of the people who live here and pay rent even if they do not directly pay taxes, is astounding beyond belief. The Citizens' Association, composed of three or four hundred of the most progressive and wealthiest business men, undertook to guard these interests and they were laughed out of court by the Council and that pusillanimous section of the daily press controlled by men who would rather have a smile from an alderman and the approbation of a railroad than do their duty. It should not be forgotten that these elements helped by every means in their power to bring about the disastrous result which is now impending. Day after day, as far as can be learned, the demands of these two daughters of the horse-leech are being yielded to and the Canadian Pacific even goes so far as to make threats of appealing to Ottawa. We have two representatives at Ottawa who have proved themselves to be as useless in defending Toronto's rights as men could possibly be. Mr. Coatsworth has a chance to distinguish himself but I fear that that young statesman was evolved under such circumstances as to make him a broken reed for us to lean upon.

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I wrote somewhat strongly last week with regard to the necessity of strength in an administration. If the Mayor and Council had continued Lorne and Bay streets across the land appropriated by the Canadian Pacific, if they had block-paved it and utilized it—and it was theirs, and it belongs to the people as sure as the rain that falls and the air we breathe are a part of their inheritance—the block of land which has been seized upon and partially filled in by the C. P. R. and which if so occupied will be a public nuisance, would have been protected from these cormorants. If the streets had divided up the territory it would have been useless as a freight and shunting yard. I was present when the chief executive and the city engineer said that they could have the whole thing completed in a very few weeks. Nothing was ever done. The land was left for the C. P. R. and the fight has gone on. The Canadian Pacific would have been glad to accept an alternative site on the most reasonable terms if the city had asserted its rights. It makes one boil with something approaching to rage to think of the weeks of thousands of labor that busy men, men every moment of whose time was valuable, spent on the Esplanade problem to be hooted at by those they were trying to serve, and snubbed by the City Council while the property they were endeavoring to protect was seized by railroads who have gone on and are still increasing their demands, after having succeeded in killing off the association which for a time held them at bay. If the administration of the past five years is a sample of the best that we can do, municipal government in Toronto is a failure and we had better let the railroads have what they want now rather than wait and have them become more daring in their piracies, still more outrageous in their demands. If we are helpless, if the laws were made for railroads that incidentally come into a city rather than in favor of the city itself, if our municipal fathers are useless, taxpayers are in a most deplorable plight. They cannot move their property away, they are unable to control the Council, they are laughed at when they make private protest, and land speculators anxious to save their margins must be given their way and obtain the expenditure of a few hundred thousands in the present to bolster up real estate, no matter how the future of the city is mortgaged. Altogether it is a most disheartening retrospect and a hopeless outlook.

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Prohibition is again occupying a certain amount of attention in the Dominion Parliament and Mr. Coatsworth, one of our distinguished representatives is devoting considerable of his time, while not taking serious chances of losing the "whisky vote," to advancing this scheme for redeeming mankind in this fragment of the vineyard, from the temptations of strong drink. Of course what Canada needs just now is a crusade to prevent the ravages of rum. The tariff, bad crops, honest government, economical expenditure are trifles as compared with tippling. A large section of our revenue, indeed a very large portion of the revenue of every Christian country, is derived from a taxation of the "soul destroying traffic." What a commentary it is upon cultured and Christian government if these temperance reformers are not mistaken as to the right method of making this wicked world better. In this country, as elsewhere, we have wickedness in high places, in middling high places, in reasonably low places, and in the lowest of low places. We would all be pleased to see a different state of affairs. It would be delightful to know that every lawyer is honest, that bankers are not usurers, note scalpers are not thieves, doctors are not quacks, preachers are not theological wage-earners, editors not open to bribes. When the millennium dawns women who have been cursed by the passions and persecutions of others, children who are godless and ragged for the lack of a helping hand, men who are desperate for lack of a meal will be seen no more. When the sun never sets and an unspeakable glory illuminates the universe, and the virtues of just men made perfect and the spirits of those who have come up through much tribulation flit on highways of jasper and onyx and are shadowed upon emeralds and look into seas of crystal; when the four angels shall watch from the four corners of all that is; when the tribes and peoples are arrayed in white robes and have palms in their hands; when the redeemed millions shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun strike upon them nor any heat; when all the blood has been spilled and the hail shall fall never again and the third part of the earth has been burned up and the third part of the trees has been consumed and all the green grass burned away; when the great mountain of fire has been cast into the sea and ships shall sail no more and there be no strange parts of the earth into which wanderers may go; when the eagle flies not crying "Woe, woe," in the midheaven and chariots and breastplates and the clangor of armed men are forever ceased and the great white horse shall be the seal of government and the white stone in which a new name has been written the certificate of citizenship; then may we expect, and not before then, the halcyon days predicted as the result of prohibition. In the meantime the duty of those who are the salt of the earth lies in the direction of affording the wicked a good example, offering them a kindly hand and being ready to preach good things and to persuade weak people. We cannot be forced to be good, nor are those who see no evil in a "wee drappy o' it" to be persuaded that cakes and ale shall cease to be that Fosters and Jamiesons and Coatsworths may rule the land. No individual is holier than he cares to be, nor can you take a drunken sot and by secluding him from temptation transform him into an angel. At the end of the experiment he will be nothing but a poor, foolish fellow with just enough man in him to make a poor struggle. So long as man, who was made by a greater power than Mr. Coatsworth, who has been overseen by One of more importance than Mr. Jamieson and governed by a deity with whom even Mr. Foster cannot properly be compared, he will remember the fact that from the beginning wine has been within his reach and drunkenness a possibility, that temptation was co-eval with the first apple that ripened upon a tree and individual character dependent upon the power of withstanding those things which both coax and mock us. As the sounds of the millennium are not yet perceptible to the ear, and as evils press upon us which governments may remove, it might be as well for Mr. Jamieson to touch with the wand of his benevolence the afflicted ones who lie at his door, and for Mr. Coatsworth to apply himself to the task of keeping Toronto from becoming the food of those ravenous railway wolves who do so fiercely beset her.

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There is great danger of the street car committee becoming tricky in the management of the road with a view of making the people believe that the profits are greater than they really are. In so vast a concern it is quite possible to wear out the horses and let the cars degenerate, to permit the harness to become ragged and the track rough, that citizens may be led to believe in the necessity, in order to make the most out of our franchise, to have the business run by commissioners. It is quite possible that the tenders already received are insufficient, but capital is willing to operate a concern such as the Toronto street railway at a marginal profit which would be consumed a half-a-dozen times over if the city attempted to control it. What check could any ratepayer have on a man who goes out and buys horses? Nothing is so crooked, as a rule, as a horse trade. The purchase of feed, the making and repairing of harness, the construction of cars, the management of the track, the granting of special service to clubs, etc., all open an avenue of wastefulness and corruption that Toronto aldermen should not have an opportunity of exploiting. It is very well to find out how much a thing is worth, but let us be sure that we are finding out.

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When the money by-law necessary to the ratification of the Esplanade agreement is submitted, it is to be hoped that the ratepayers will be found willing to make the necessary sacrifice. It is a sacrifice and nothing else, but with the municipal government as at present constituted and likely to be constituted for some time to come, we will have to breathe the incense of dollar bills moistened with the perspiration of toil as they are burned on the altar of a bad system poorly administered. Railways, better than any other corporation in the world, understand that a city cannot afford to injure its general prospects by presenting such a measly appearance, by affording such wretched accommodation as the stranger meets with when arriving at our Union depot. The period when all these things are to be changed seems so far off that we cannot afford to wait. The teeth of the watch dogs have all been pulled; it seems imperative at the present moment that fighting cease and that we pay the amount demanded by the bandits for our ransom.

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It was natural that the Opposition should choose the Franchise Act as the question upon which the first tests of partizan strength should be made in the House of Commons. Of course partizans elected as such had no choice, though every impulse of fairness and every possible excuse for bolting is offered by that inexcusable and badly administrated piece of governmental machinery. It was born in iniquity, nourished in folly, and will shortly die execrated, I have no doubt, more by the Government than by the Opposition. Such measures, begotten of a desperate desire to retain office, cannot long survive the contempt of the people. What is most to be regretted is that there are so many almost unendurably wretched things inflicted upon the country by Dominion and Provincial Parliaments that are the outgrowth of the desperate desire of men undisciplined by duty to obtain and retain power.

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I am exceedingly sorry to learn that amidst the criticisms which cannot but harass a man and be a source of pain, no matter how little influence the opinion of others may have upon him, Mayor Clarke has been afflicted by the loss of his little girl, a sweet child who was dear both to him and his gentle wife. Many people may imagine that there can be no separation of private hostility from public criticism, but however this may be, only those who know Mayor Clarke and who cannot but appreciate the tenderness of his regard for those near to him, can understand how overwhelming is his private grief. It may seem out of place to those who so misunderstand what publicists regard as their duty, for me to offer my heartfelt sympathy, yet I know that in private life there is no gentler heart than beats in the breast of the one, who has been thus grievously afflicted; and if I may, from afar off say that I appreciate a sorrow so peculiarly overwhelming, I beg to offer, not only for myself but on behalf of all those I know who in public matters differ from our Chief Magistrate, a genuine expression of condolence. There is nothing but the loss of her who has been my companion and best critic that could be such an affliction to me as the death of one of my baby girls, and on this common point mankind can always unite, and regret with especial poignancy that others that they are sometimes forced to criticize, have such a grief to overshadow what they no doubt hold to be the performance of their duty under disadvantageous circumstances.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Pretty women and well dressed men filled the carriages which rolled eastward on King street last Saturday and Monday. The weather was perfect saving for that insinuating flavor of east wind which does so much mischief to the wearers of spring suits and gauze hats. Colonel Otter brought the vice-regal party in his four-in-hand, Captain McDougall played the postillion's horn, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Kilcoursie, Mr. Walker, one of the prize donors, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mr. Cockburn, and Colonel Prior made up the race party. President and Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mr. Muir, Miss Jessie Hendrie, Mr. W. Hendrie, jr., Mr. J. H. Hendrie and a large party were seated in carriages in front of the grand stand.

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Among the many pretty gowns on Monday I remarked Miss Hendrie of Detroit, in mauve gown and primrose hat; Miss Tena Hendrie, in green with pink bos, and very *chic* Paris *chapeau*; Mrs. Barwick, in white; Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, in sky blue, with white and gold trimmings; Mrs. Bankes, in dark blue; Mrs. Forsyth Grant in black and white; Mrs. Cox, in a charmingly fitted Louis Quinze coat, of white cloth, braided with gold; Mrs. Torrance, in a delicate and beautiful costume of French gray and gold; Mrs. Armour, in a unique gown of white serge over a black silk skirt; Mrs. Fitzgibbon was a picture in a lovely white gown; Mrs. Shelton Fuller of Woodstock, in white; Miss Beardmore, in black and white; Miss Violet Seymour, in white and gold, and her sister in blue; Mrs. W. Meredith looked well in a tasteful black gown, and Miss Meredith wore a becoming costume of tan with brown velvet sleeves and bonnet; Miss Gussie Hodgins was in black and pink; Miss Bruce of Hamilton wore biscuit and pink bengaline, with pink and black hat; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, wore a handsome pink gown and a large hat to match.

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Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Ethel Sherwood of Ottawa and Mr. A. Gordon Brown of this city, to take place at Christ Church, Ottawa, on June 10.

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On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Henry Cawthra of College street, gave an afternoon garden party with tennis, which was much enjoyed. Mr. Algernon Blackwood contributed some violin solos during the afternoon. Among a few of those present were Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Langmuir, Miss Hall of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, the Misses Todd, Miss Smith, Mrs. Hume Blake, the Misses Pope, Major Harrison, Mr. G. MacMahon and Mr. Blackwood.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby of St. George street entertained Lord Stanley and Viscount Kilcoursie at dinner on Saturday evening last on their return from the Woodbine races.

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Mr. Janes and family, who have been touring abroad since July, 1888, have returned to Toronto and intend occupying their handsome house on Avenue road as soon as it is completed.

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Mrs. Kerr's dance on Friday evening to the members of the Riding and Driving Club was a great success and much enjoyed by those present. Fuller particulars will be given next week.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer has issued invitations for a small dance to take place on Monday next, June 1, at her house on Bloor street.

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Cards are out for Mrs. Goldwin Smith's annual tennis parties for Thursday afternoons, commencing on Thursday, June 4, and continuing till July 9. The kindness of host and hostess and the beauty of the grounds surrounding the Grange always make these garden parties particularly attractive, and this is evinced by the large numbers who always attend them.

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The Toronto Cricket Club play the University Cricket Club on the University lawn this afternoon at 2 30 p.m. Ladies are cordially invited to witness the match.

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Miss Power has returned home looking much the better for her pleasant visit to the South.

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Miss Lilley of Sherbourne street gave a dance last week in honor of Miss Jessie Murray of Albany who is on a visit to Toronto.

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Miss Gertie Tilley of Ottawa sailed on May 27 for England, where she will visit relatives in Cambridge and elsewhere during the summer.

*

Mrs. H. Ellis of 76 St. Patrick street gave a very pleasant farewell party to Miss Cochrane of Rochester on Wednesday of last week. Miss Cochrane left Toronto on Thursday.

*

Miss Milligan is visiting Mrs. Kerr Osborne of Brantford.

*

Mrs. Thomas Macklem of Chippewa, Miss Watt of Buffalo, and Miss Richardson of Toronto are visiting Mrs Watts Lansing at Niagara-on-the Lake.

*

Mr. R. S. Williams, manager of the Bank of Commerce, Goderich, spent a few days in town last week.

*

Mrs. and Miss Woodbridge sailed last week for England by the steamer Parisian.

*

Capt. and Mrs. Percy Beale of North Toronto will spend the summer at their residence, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

*

Sir Daniel Wilson and Miss Wilson leave by the Allan steamship Parisian on June 24.

*

Mr. H. J. Scott, Q.C., of St. George street left last week for a two months' stay in England.

*

Mrs. A. L. Young of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Dill of 15 Avenue street.

*

Mrs. Loring E. Gaffey of Pierre, Dakota, will summer in Toronto as the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Anderson, 574 Sherbourne street.

*

Les petites reunions francaises qui ont eu lieu chez Madame Buck se termineront le dernier jeudi de mai.

*

Next Tuesday a high class musical treat is to be offered to the concert-goers of Toronto at the church of our Lady of Lourdes. The Misses Rowland, Mr. Bowles and an orchestra of forty will take part in the programme.

*

Master Jack Creelman, assisted by his young friends Masters Herbert McLaughlin, Jack Kemp, Gordon Jennings and Oliver Black, gave an exhibition of fireworks in honor of the Queen's Birthday at Mrs. Jennings' lawn, St. Vincent street. A small fee was charged at the entrance and the proceeds were presented by the young pyrotechnicists to the hospital for sick children.

*

Miss Sparks of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. MacMahon at Clarence Lodge during race week.

*

Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon give a large race breakfast to-day at 12.30.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Last week brought before the public of Hamilton the opera of Pinafore, which has been rehearsed by the fairest of the fair sex and the *jeunesse dore* of Hamilton for the last two months, under the able baton of Prof. Baumann, the well known violinist, who deserves the highest praise for the manner in which he conducted the entire opera. There were four performances given, Thursday, Friday, Saturday matinee and evening, and as it was for a worthy charity's sake of course there were crowded houses, and I may add the very smartest audience seen in Hamilton in many days, and I am sure the ladies of the Boys' Home should be amply repaid for all their trouble and and hard work, which they certainly had. The cast was as follows:

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.....E. A. Mumford
Captain Corcoran, Com. H.M.S. Pinafore, Fred Warrington
Ralph Rackstraw, able seaman.....T. D Beddoe
Dick Deadeye.....Herbert Browne
Boatswain.....Herbert Morton
Bob Becket, carpenter's mate.....J. Watson Steed
Tom Tucker, midshipmate.....Master Jack Glasson
Josephine, the captain's daughter.....Mrs. Caldwell
Hebe, Sir Joseph's first cousin.....Mrs. Geo. Vallance
Little Buttercup, a Portsmouth bumboat woman,
Mrs. Frank Mackelcan

Principal villas.....Miss Nora Clench and Geo. Fox
Finale.....Miss M. Rieley
Conductor.....J. W. Baumann
Stage director.....Harry W. Rich

Sir Joseph's sisters, his cousins and his aunts, sailors, etc. Mrs. J. McArthur, Mrs. Wallace Zimmerman, Mrs. J. E. Browne, Mrs. E. A. Mumford, Misses Gartshore, Fairgrieve, Aggie Nimmo, Briggs, Dunlop, Rastrick, Kerr, Vallance, Dennstock, Carrie McLeod, Georgie Martin, Birdie Moore, Belt and Wastell, Messrs. Geo. Vallance, James McPherson, Robert Ricketts, James Jardine, John Briggs, R. Patterson, H. E. O. Bull, R. S. Bull, Maitland Young, J. Ambery, J. Gwylim, E. H. Bath, T. R. Billes, Joseph Cassidy, Jas. Gartshore, C. C. McCullough, John Young, John D. Laidlaw, F. B. Greening, J. Magness, J. W. Stead, J. H. Bullen and G. Matheson.

With such artists it is needless to say that any professional company would have envied them, and each and every one sang and acted their very best. The ladies were exquisitely attired. In the first act Mrs. Caldwell wore a beautiful sailor costume of crimson cloth, with gold and crimson sailor hat with band of white with H. M. S. Pinafore on it. In the second act she appeared in a beautiful gown of white satin, with trimmings of roses on the bodice and skirt. Mrs. Mackelcan looked bewitching in her costume as Buttercup. She wore a buttercup cotton with flecks of white muslin and a large poke bonnet lined with red roser, and carried an enormous basket filled with her many saleable articles such as bumboat women usually sell to the sailors. Mrs. Vallance as Hebe wore a quaint gray flowered costume with hat to match. The chorus maidens were artistically grouped and looked exceedingly well in their lovely costumes, and the finale of the first act was a scene long to be remembered. The soldiers in the front with ladies coming next and the background of handsome sailors presented a charming stage picture. The ladies received beautiful floral tributes at all the performances and great applause was given when Dick Deadeye received a large bunch of spring vegetables tied together. The most taking numbers were the duett between Mrs. Mackelcan and Mr. Warrington, which displayed some capital acting as well as singing, and the bell trio with Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Mumford, was exceedingly pretty. Mrs. Calder, Mrs. Leggatt, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Teetzel deserve the greatest credit for their energy in organizing such a delightful performance in aid of the Boys' Home. Mrs. Calder gave a delightful supper on Saturday evening to the whole company and a very jolly time was spent. Among the audiences I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, Miss Muir of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lottridge, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. and Miss Bruce, Miss Small of Toronto, Mrs. Ernest Smith of London, the Misses Howard, Mrs. Dewar, the Misses Dewar, Mr. Gates, Mr. Dewar, Mr. Ferrie, the Misses Hobson, Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Steele, Mrs. Macadams, Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. Hay, Mr. Dickson, Dr. Scadding of Toronto, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Leggat, Miss Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson. One of the most pleasing features to the participants in the opera was the presentation at Mrs. Calder's residence of a handsome gold bracelet of pearls and diamonds to Miss Minnie Ridley who has so ably assisted as pianist during the rehearsals and performances.

Mrs. Blachford of New York is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Stuart of Hannah street.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Stage Manager (easily)—No; but that's all right. Our new star insists upon realism on the stage in the matter of eating, drinking and so forth, and we are trying to accommodate ourselves to her little idiosyncrasies. She has to die in the third act from strychnine poisoning, but if you can't give me strychnine let it be arsenic. I don't believe the audience would know the difference.—*Judge.*

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Between You and Me.

AMONG the many amusing and interesting and nonsensical questions which come to Lady Gay from her half hundred weekly correspondents is one which always sets her thinking and makes her cross. "Am I a flirt?" asks the girl with "reddish hair and no complexion" in to-day's mail. "Do you think me a flirt?" asks another, who sums up her charms as "fine eyes and complexion—everything else below par." And "what is a flirt?" queries the last of the batch, and I have set up her letter before me and tried to think out a definition of the creature which shall be so dreadful as to scare any more of the fair ladies whose little letters are so welcome to me, from venturing to mention her again. What do you think the Johnson's Dictionary says on the matter? The explanation given therein should be enough, if it were true, but it isn't! "A pert hussy!" says the good man, rudely and ignorantly. He makes a flirt much worse than a coquette, whom he sets down as "a gay airy woman who endeavors to gain admirers." In my experience the coquette was the woman who had already gained admirers and enjoyed tantalizing them by capricious favor and unwarrantable coolness; and the flirt was the female on the lookout for victims, whom she attracted in various ways and held by divers schemings.

•

It is easier to tell what a flirt is not than what she is, and to keep respectfully clear of Dr. Johnson, I will dissect her on her lackings. She is a female without self-respect, without sense of honor, without modest reserve, without refinement, without forethought, without woman's choicest beauties. She may be clever, but is generally a fool. She may be beautiful, she may be graceful, she may be amiable, and far down under the cloud of her many shortcomings there may be common sense enough to straighten her up some day and enable her, with many shamed blushes and heart pangs of self-reproach, to turn on her downward tracks and climb back the steep hill of repentance to the heights of peace. But when in after days she gathers flowers of pleasure and delight she will search in vain, and with an aching sense of uselessness, for the pure lily of the valley and the modest shrinking violet and the true blue forget-me-not of one undivided affection. And where the fruitful boughs bend heavily she will find the bloom rubbed off the ripening grapes of pleasure and the downy peaches of pride, and she will realize, too late, the fearful price that she has carelessly paid for the hour's giddy delight, the mock sovereignty, the sham success which is all the guerdon granted to a flirt.

•

"But, Lady Gay," says a black-eyed beauty beside me, stormily, "you would have all of us poke about wrapped up in our dignity until every bit of fun and pleasure was frozen out of us." Would I, dear maid? There is nothing funnier to Lady Gay's fun-loving eyes than the sight of such a creature, such a prig as you describe. Don't you know that dignity was never meant to be worn *on the outside*, and don't you know that folk who insist upon wearing it so remind me, in a most undignified manner, of those untutored Red Men who insisted upon displaying the skirts of a garment usually concealed, so proud were they of its pink and white stripes.

Dignity of the true sort never wraps up anybody! It is a little guardian angel whose gentleness and whose wisdom words can't describe to you, and whose abiding place is on your lips, in your eyes; who stands beside the open door of your heart, and by his wide gaze of disapproval awes the fools who would rush in where even he, angel as he is, fears lightly to tread.

•

The black-eyed beauty looks very sweet and serious as I read her that last sentence, and I leave my remarks for the consideration of those three maidens and their sister correspondents who have been asking me the questions quoted above. As I came to Toronto in the C. P. R. train last night I saw two flirts. One was homely enough to have known better, but the one I felt most interested in was the pretty one; prettily shaped and dressed and with a piquante little face, she was trying to attract the notice of a young married man, who, I happened to know, thought the train was travelling altogether too slowly in taking him home to his charming wife and yet unseen first born son! I watched the manœuvres of that girl and saw her utter failure, with an inward disgust and yet a wicked satisfaction, and I could hardly help giving her a word as she lifted her traps off the car after one long reproachful glance at the pre-occupied papa, though I saw with sorrow and regret that her annoyance would have been much stronger than her shame had she been made aware of my involuntary espionage.

•

Among the attractions announced for the concert given by the Ontario Society of Artists on Wednesday evening was a *cornet solo on the violin*. I think even the professor who delighted the small boys on the street corners last summer, with his brass band combination, all played by himself, may now take a back seat.

•

Apropos of the latest New York sensation, in the Murray Hill hotel, an American paper thus relieves its mind: "If our heiresses are to marry their servants at all, we believe that a waiter will prove worthier of their affection than a coachman. The waiter is daily called upon to display an amount of fortitude which should entitle him to a place among the world's heroes. He is abused by every surly and fastidious diner, who vents his ill-humor on the only person that dares not reply to him. His family may be ill; he may himself have just come from a sick-bed—and he is there in his place, cheerful, patient and submissive. If he resents an insult, he never shows it. If he has feelings like other men, he does not reveal them. He goes his way, placid and uncomplaining, and for the honest service which he renders the diner throws him a grudging coin." Should the master be required to display the virtues exacted of this domestic, would he ever be fit to take the waiter's place? If our heiresses wish to marry out of their social circle, I commend the waiter to their serious consideration.

•

An exchange which has not the fear of Germany before its face, tells a naughty little story on the Kaiser who, it says, is trying by bribes and coaxing to make Bismarck return to him some of his youthful letters in which he unburdened his mind and abused his Mamma and which he is now ashamed of. Well, there are more of us than the emperor of Germany who modify our ideas and opinions and our expression of them as we grow older, and in strict confidence I would whisper that since I read the above little tale I have felt the first faint dawnings of respect for the bossy young William on whom years are already beginning their work, and who will perhaps, under their mellowing influence, develop into something slightly less fresh and unbearable.

•

Thursday of last week I attended the meeting of the Humane Society in the Art Gallery and listened to the same old tale of cruelty to animals and arrest and fine, and saw the pretty clock presented to the hearty Irishman who has done the hard work of the society, by a certain alert and bright-eyed lady who fondled a very knowing little pet terrier, and I pondered on many things, both good and evil, as the meeting drew to a close. And as I scampered for the Sherbourne street car and the rain came pouring down, I nearly ran over a small pretty child whose drenched cotton gown and wet tangled curls and small damp hand came directly in my path. In her hand she held the lead pencil with which I am writing this paragraph and which she pathetically and hoarsely pleaded with me to buy for two cents. When I had gained a sheltering awning I called to the child and we had some talk over things, particularly as to her reason for roaming about in the rain at eleven o'clock at night for the purpose of disposing of that very inferior lead pencil.

•

"It's no use me going home," said the mite, with a shiver, "for she's put me out once already to-night. I haven't made enough yet."

"Shall I buy your pencil then, for two cents?"

"If you like," she said.

"But will you go home if I do?"

"No, not 'less I sells three more. I was seven cents short and she trusted me for my tea, and I dassent ask her to trust me for a bed. I live on York street. No, my feet ain't wet, but my cloes is." And a strong shudder ran over the little frame.

I gave her ten cents and she went speeding away to her bed; and I believe I said some loud things about lethal chambers and beribboned pups and God's little soul-bearers! Now, as I write—after an absence from home of several days—I feel all the heart in my body swelling again over that pale child of seven years old, and I am going this minute to hunt her up and see what I can make out about her.

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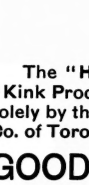

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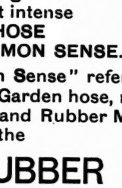

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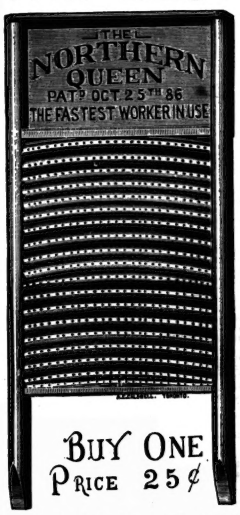

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"COULD TWO DAYS LIVE AGAIN OF THAT DEAD YEAR."

There were necessary delays upon which postponed the marriage till the end of the coming Easter week, and that panic which was caused by tolling bells and torchlight funerals having past away, Gerard was less eagerly impatient, willing indeed that events should follow a natural course. Yet although the fever of impatience had spent itself, there was no look of backward, no remorseful thought of the devoted girl whose character would be blasted for ever by this act of his, or of the unborn child whose future he might have shielded from the chances of evil. Not once did he contemplate the possibility of obtaining a release from Edith Champion, by a full confession of that other tie which to her womanly feeling would have been an insuperable bar to their marriage. All finer scruples, all the instincts of honor and of pity were absorbed by that tremendous self-love which, seeing life shrinking to narrowest limits, was intent on one thing only, to make the most of the life that remained to him, the life which was all.

He rallied considerably after that day at Fiesole and was equal to being taken about from church to church by Edith and her eager cousin, who could not have enough of the Florentine churches in this sacred season. He met them at the great door of the cathedral on Good Friday, after they had satisfied their scruples as pious Anglicans by attending a service at an English church—service which Rosa denounced as hatefully low—and he went with them to hear a library at the Palazzo Brunaleschi's dome, a solemn and awe-inspiring function, a double semi-circle of priests and choristers within the marble dado and glass screen that enclosed the altar—lugubrious chanting unrelieved by the organ—and at the close of the service a sudden loud, rattling noise.

Then the doors open and priests and acolytes pour out in swift succession, priests in rich vestments, violet and purple and tissue, white fur, black stoles, a motley train, vanishing quickly towards the sacristy.

And now the crowd troop into the sanctuary and ascend the steps of the altar, Gerard and his companions following, he curious only, they deeply impressed by that old world ceremonial. And one by one the priests behind the lies the jasper slab of the altar, on which stands a golden cross, richly jeweled, which contains a fragment of that cross whereon the man of sorrows died for sinning, sorrowing man.

"I hope it was not wrong of me to do as the others did," said Edith presently, as they left the cathedral, her eyes still dim with tears.

"Wrong!" ejaculated Rosa, who had performed the Romanist rite with science. "No, indeed, I look forward to the day when we shall have relics in our own churches."

On Holy Saturday there was the spectacular display in front of the cathedral, and at this Gerard was constrained to assist, and to sit in a sunlit window for nearly an hour, watching the tumors of the good-tempered crowd in the Piazza, while the great black tabernacle, covered with artificial roses and squibs and Catherine wheels, awaited the sacred flame which was to set all its fireworks exploding—flame which descended in a lightning flash on the wings of a dove from the lamp on the altar within the cathedral, sacred light which a pious pilgrim had carried unextinguished from the temple in Jerusalem to this Tuscan city. The dove came rushing down the invisible guiding wire as all the clocks of Florence chimed the noontide hour; and there was much talk and laughter when the dove melted out of the Piazza, and the daily traffic was resumed, and Mrs. Champion's landau came to the door of the umbrella shop, over which she had hired her window, and they drove away to the Via Tornabuoni, and the house of Doni, where luncheon had been ordered for the four engaged for them, luncheon at which Mrs. Champion's powdered slave officiated, and got in the way of the brisk waiters, to whom the slow and solemn movements were an abomination. Only out of England could there come such sad and solemn bearing, thought the waiters.

On Sunday there was high mass at the church of Santa Annunziata and Gerard and the two ladies had seats in the choir, where liquid treble voices as of angels sang the alto parts in Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and glorious baritones and basses filled in the harmonies, harmonies, and priests in vestments of gold and silver, flashing with jewels, gorgeous with embroidery, officiated at the high altar; priests whose splendid raiment suggested the priesthood of Egypt, in the days when Egyptian splendor was the crowning magnificence of the earth, to be imitated in all ages by younger nations, but never to be surpassed.

The music and the splendor, the strain on eye and ear wearied Gerard Hillersdon, and he gave a sigh of relief as he took his seat in the landau opposite Edith and her cousin, Mrs. Gresham, who regaled them with her raptures about the choir, the voices—that exquisite treble—that magnificent bass. She descanted on every number in the mass, being one of those persons who wear every subject to tatters.

"And now I think we have had enough of churches," said Gerard, "and we may spend the rest of our lives in the sunshine till we sail away to the Greek Archipelago."

"And till I go back to Suffolk," sighed Mrs. Gresham. "I shall be very glad to see my dear good man again; but, oh, how dismal Sandyholme will be after Florence, and you two happy creatures will be sailing from island to island, and your life will be one delicious dream of summer. Well, I can never be grateful enough to you, Edith, for having let me see Italy. Robert Browning said that if his heart were cut open Italy would be found written upon it, and so I'm sure it would upon mine, if any one thought it worth looking at. And Florence, dear Florence!"

"And the Via Tornabuoni where all the fashionable shops are—and Doni's, and the English tea parties and the English church. I think these things would be found to hold the highest rank in our Florentine heart, Mrs. Gresham, though they don't belong to the Florence of Mediævalism and the Medici," said Gerard, glad to damp middle-aged enthusiasm.

"That shows how very little you understand my character, Mr. Hillersdon. As for the shops—they are very smart and artistic, but I would give all the shops in the Via Tornabuoni for Whiteley's. I adore Florence most of all for her historical associations. To think that Catherine de Medici was reinlaid in peace in her noble Palazzo Vecchio—who were the Vecchios, by the by—some older family I suppose—and that dear Dante died here, and that Giordano Bruno was burnt here and Galileo lived here, and Browning! Such a flood of wonderful memories," concluded Rosa with a sigh.

The preparations for the wedding hung fire somehow. The day was again postponed. Mrs. Champion had discovered that it would be impossible for her to marry without an interview with her solicitor, and that gentleman had telegraphed his inability to arrive in Florence before the end of the following week.

"He is my trustee," she explained to Gerard, "and I am so utterly unbusinesslike myself that I am peculiarly dependent upon him. I know that I am rich, and that my income is derived from things in the city, railways and foreign loans, don't you know. I write cheques for whatever I want, and Mr. Maddickson has never accused me of being extravagant, so I fancy I must be very rich. But if I were to marry you without his arranging my affairs I don't know what entanglement might happen."

"What entanglement could there be? Am I not rich enough to live without touching your fortune?"

"My dear Gerard, I didn't meant any doubt of you—not for one moment—but the richer we are the more necessary it must be to arrange things legally, must it not?"

"I don't think so. To my mind we are as free as the birds of the air, and all these delays wound me."

"Don't say that, Gerard. You know how firmly I made up my mind not to marry for a year after poor James's death, and I'll give way upon that point to gratify a whim of yours——"

"A whim! How lightly you speak. Perhaps you would rather we never married at all."

He was white with anger. She reddened and answered meekly.

"Is it so?" he asked, hoarse with passion.

"No, no, of course not," she answered, "only I don't want to be hustled into the marriage."

"Hustled, no, but life is short. If you can't make up your mind to marry me within a fortnight from this day, we will cry quits for my three years' slavery, and I will sail away. There is a woman in England who won't set up imaginary impediments if I ask her to be my wife."

His voice thickened with a suppressed sob as he spoke the last words. Ah, that woman in England, that woman who loved him with an unselfishness that was strong enough to conquer shame, that woman who was to be the mother of his child.

"How cruel you are, Gerard," exclaimed Edith, scared at the thought of losing him. "No doubt there are hundreds of women in England who would be glad to marry you, with your wealth, just as there are hundreds of men who would pretend to be passionately in love with me, for the same motive. We can be married within a fortnight if I have no doubt. I'll telegraph again to Maddickson and tell him he must come. I am having my wedding gown made. You would not like me to be married in black."

"I don't know that I should care. I want to make an end of scenes such as these. The Jersey Lily is at Spezia, ready for us. Jermyn is to be here this afternoon."

"Jermyn! How strange that you should be so fond of that uncanny personage."

"I never said I was fond of him. He amuses me, that's all. As for his uncannyness, that's a mere fancy. I believe he has left off telling fortunes. He is too clever to ride any hobby to death."

"And he really got nothing for his fate-reading?"

"He got into society. I think that was all he wanted."

"Bring him to dinner this evening, and he can tell our fortunes again, if he likes."

"Nor for me. I prefer a happy ignorance."

Justin Jermyn brought a somewhat favorable relief to that party of three which had begun to feel the shadow of an overpowering *ennui*. Edith Champion was thoroughly tired of Rosa Gresham's presence, Rosa infinitely bored, and boring the other two. Mrs. Champion had shrunk from inviting her Florentine friends to meet her *fiance*. He looked so wretchedly ill, his humors were so fitful and capricious, that she felt in somewise ashamed of her choice. She could not tell himself how humiliating, how brilliant, how charming he had been two or three years ago. She could not inform the stranger that this intended marriage was the outcome of a girlish love. She preferred to keep her little Florentine world in complete ignorance of the romantic drama which would in time enough for them to know when she and Gerard were far away on the white wings of the Jersey Lily. And later, when Gerard should have recovered his health and good looks and easy equable manners; later, when he and she had become leading lights in London society, she would be proud of him and of their romantic union.

When he recovered his health? There were moments in which she could hardly wish wholeheartedly, would that ever be? He pretended to be very confident about himself. He told her that he live he needed only happiness and balmy climate; but she knew that it was a feature of that fatalest of fatal maladies for the patient to be hopeful in the very teeth of despair; and she had seen many indications that had filled her with alarm.

"How I wish you would consult Dr. Wilson," she said one day, when he sank breathless on the marble bench by the fountain, after ten minutes' quiet walking. "He is experienced and clever. I am sure he would be of great use to you."

"I have my own doctor in London," Gerard answered curtly. "Your Florentine doctor cannot tell me anything about myself that I don't know, and as for treatment, my valet knows what to do for me. I shall be well when we get further south. Your Florence is as treacherous as her Medicis. The winds from the Apennines are laden with evil."

Jermyn, under existing circumstances, was a decided acquisition. His familiarity with Florence astonished and charmed the two ladies. He knew every church, every palace, every picture, the traditions of every great family that helped to make the history of the city. Knowledge like this makes every stone eloquent. He was asked to join in all their saunterings and in all their drives, and his presence gave an air of freshness and gaiety to the simplest pleasures—to the afternoon tea in the loggia, and to the long evenings in the salon, when Mrs. Gresham played Chopin and Schubert to her heart's content, while the other three sat afar off and talked.

"My cousin is better than an orchestrion," said Mrs. Champion, "one has only to turn the handle and she will discourse excellent music the whole evening, and forgive us for not listening to her."

"Yes, but I know that in her inmost heart Mrs. Gresham is thinking us for having a sense wanting," said Jermyn, and then went on with his talk, caring no more for the most delicate rendering of a Rubinstein reverie, than if it had been a hurdy-gurdy grinding a tuneless polka in the road beyond the garden.

. . . . . .

They all went to Spezia to look at the yacht, a railroad journey of some hours, through a hot arid country, which tried Gerard severely, and bored the other three.

"Who in the devil wants to live at Pisa," said Jermyn, while the train was stopping in the station outside that ancient city. "After one had looked at the cathedral, and the baptistery, and the Campo Santo one would feel that life was done—there is nothing more. And it is a misfortune for everybody but the Cook's tourist that there are three hundred miles between us, I can't even pretend to take a long time in seeing them."

Mrs. Champion professed herself delighted with the yacht. She explored every cabin and corner. There was a French *chef* engaged, and an Italian butler, everything was ready for a tour in the Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean as seen to-day in this sunlit harbor of Spezia, seemed a sea that could do no wrong. Jermyn showed Mrs. Champion her boudoir dressing room, with its ingenious ottoman receptacles for her gowns and other finery, and the cabin for her maid—an infinitesimal cabin, but full of comforts. He showed her the grand piano, the electric lamps, all the luxuries of modern yachting. There was to be no roughing it on board the Jersey Lily. The arrangements of this 700 ton yacht left nothing to be regretted after the most perfect of continental hotels.

Edith was enchanted with everything, but even in the midst of her enthusiasm a chilling fear came over her at the thought of living fully fill in this luxurious cabin, with its coquettish draperies of salmon pink and scattered rosebuds, its white and gold Worcester, its which porcelain was made to imitate carved ivory. Sickness there—death there—in that narrow space tricked out for the Loves and Graces to inhabit—disease, with all its loathly details, playing havoc with all the beauty of life, illness tending fatally, inevitably towards death. She turned from all that costly prettiness with a vague sense of horror.

"Don't you like the style," asked Jermyn, quick to see that revulsion of feeling.

"No; it is much too fine. I think a yacht should be simpler. One does not want the coloring of the Arabian nights on the sea. Picture this cabin in a tempest—all this ornamentation tossed and flying about—a tawdry chaos."

She looked at Gerard who stood by, unconcerned in the discussion, obviously caring very little whether she were pleased or not, looking with dull indifferent eye upon the arrangements which had been made for his wedding tour. He had these occasional lapses of abstraction, in which he seemed to drift out of the common life of those around him, moods of sullen melancholy, which made Edith Champion shiver.

They launched on board the Jersey Lily and the luncheon was gay enough, but Jermyn and Mrs. Gresham were the chief talkers, and it was Jermyn's laughter that gave an air of jollyousness to the meal. Gerard was almost silent; Edith was anxiously watchful of his moods. He was to be her husband soon, and these moods of his would make the coloring of her life. Could she be happy if the mental atmosphere were always dull and gray as it was to-day? The sapphire blue of the bay, the afternoon light on the Carrara Mountains grew dim and dull in the gloom of her lover's temper; he who long ago in the old days of his poverty had been joyous a spirit.

She thought of James Champion and of those sad, monotonous visits to the house at Finchley, the weary hours she had spent trying to make conversation for a sick man weighed down by the sense of his own infirmities, unable to take pleasure in anything. "Would Gerard be like that?" she asked herself with an aching dread; would he, too, die as Champion had died, "first a top." She looked at his sunken cheek and hollow eye, and felt a cold shiver manner; and she felt no assurance of exemption from that dreadful doom.

Happily, however, the dark mood did not last long, and Gerard was full of animation during the return journey, full of talk about the intended cruise of the Jersey Lily. He had talked it all over with the sailing master. They had looked at charts, they had discussed the ports they were to touch—the island which were worth stopping at—so many days for Cyprus and so many for Corfu. They were to spend part of the autumn in Palestine and to winter in Egypt, and then come slowly back to Naples in the early spring, and from Naples follow the coast in a leisurely way to Nice, and then good-bye, Jersey Lily, and as fast as the Rapide could carry us homeward to London and Hillersdon House and all the glories of a London season. The prospect sounded delightful, discussed in one of Gerard's brightest moods, as they travelled from Pisa to Florence; but the outlook was not quite so joyous half an hour later, when a laugh at one of Jermyn's cynical flashes brought on a violent fit of coughing, one of those exhausting, suffocating paroxysms which had moved the fair Bavarian to such deep pity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"AND ALL SHALL PASSE, AND THUS TAKE MY LEAVE."

Mr. Maddickson, Mrs Champion's solicitor and trustee, arrived early in the following week—three days sooner than he had declared possible, owing to this hurry of imperious telegrams. He was bidden to a dinner at which Mr. Hillersdon and his friend Jermyn were the only guests, in order that everything might be discussed that needed discussion, and that the lady's confidential adviser might make the acquaintance of her future husband.

It was a delicious evening, balmier than many an English July. The Easter moon had waned, and the slender crescent of the new moon shone silvery pale in a rose-flushed heaven, a heaven where in that lovely afterglow the first stars glimmered faint and wan. Mrs. Champion was in the garden with Gerard and Jermyn when the lawyer arrived, spruce and prim in his impeccable evening dress, a man who deemed it a duty he owed to his profession to employ only the most admirable of tailors. The two young men were lounging on garden chairs in the circle by the fountain, beyond which the great pink peonies made a background of bloom and verdure. Mr. Maddickson's short-sighted eyes took the big pink blossoms for gigantic roses, such as he might expect to find in Italy. He looked from one of the young men to the other, and at once made up his mind that the lady's *fiance* was the youth leaning against the fountain, his head thrown back a little and the rosy light upon his face as he looked up at Mrs. Gresham, whose pink mood him to a pitch of silvery laughter. Quite the sort of young man to catch a widow's fancy, thought Mr. Maddickson, who supposed it was in the nature of widows to be frivolous.

He felt a cold shiver—happily only perceptible to himself—when Mrs. Champion introduced the pale, hollow-eyed young man with slightly bent shoulders and an unmistakable air of decay, as Mr. Hillersdon. He lost his usual aplomb, and was awkwardly silent for some minutes after that introduction.

There was a brief discussion between the lovers and the lawyer late in the evening, while Rosa and Mr. Jermyn were in the saloon, he smoking, she declaring she adored the odor of tobacco.

There were no difficulties, Mr. Maddickson told his client and her betrothed, and the settlements might be of the simplest form. He proposed as a matter of course that the lady's fortune should be settled on herself and her children, giving her full disposing power if there should be no children.

"You are so rich, Mr. Hillersdon," said the lawyer, "that these details can hardly interest you."

"They don't. I wanted Mrs. Champion to marry me out of hand ten days ago, without any legal fussification, or delay. I thought the Married Woman's Property Act would protect her estate, even in the event of my marrying or ing my fortune, which I am hardly likely to do."

"It is always best to have these matters quietly discussed," said Mr. Maddickson. "A hasty marriage is rarely a wise marriage."

He sighed a little sigh as he uttered this tolerably safe opinion and rose to take leave, but before departing he paused to address Mrs. Champion in a lower tone.

"I should much like to have a little talk with you to-morrow," he said. "Shall I find you at home if I call?"

"Not before afternoon. We are to drive to the Certosa."

"In the morning, then! I can be here at any hour you like."

"Come at twelve and stay to lunch. We lunch at half-past twelve." And then, going with him towards the door of the salon, she said, in a lower tone, "I conclude there is really nothing now to hinder my marriage?"

"Nothing, except your own inclination. I think you are marrying too soon; but we will talk of that to-morrow."

When he was gone she had an uncomfortable feeling that he would have something disagreeable to say to her when he came in the morning. People who ask for interviews in that elaborately urgent manner are seldom the bearers of pleasant tidings. She had a sleepless night, agitated by vague dread.

Mr. Maddickson was punctual to a minute, for the timepiece in the salon chimed the hour as the footman announced him, looking as fresh and trim in his checked traveling suit as he had looked in evening dress; clean-shaved, the image of respectability not unconscious of the latest fashion.

"I have spent the morning at the Academy," he said, blandly, "and have become a convert to the early Italian school. I don't wonder at Hunt and Millais and those young fellows, now I have seen those two walls—one splendid with the exquisite blues and lustrous color of Fra Angelico and his disciples, and the other covered with a collection of gloomy daubs, in the high classical manner, by the worst pupils of the school that came after Raffaelle."

"You have something serious to say to me?" said Edith, not caring a jot for Mr. Maddickson's opinions on art.

"Something very serious."

"Then you shall come to the polat, or my cousin will have returned from her walk before you have finished."

"My dear Mrs. Champion, I have not had the pleasure of much social intercourse with you, but I have been interested in you professionally ever since your marriage, and my position as your trustee should give me some of the privileges of friendship."

"Consider that you have every privilege that friendship can give," she exclaimed impatiently; "but pray don't beat about the bush."

"Are you seriously scared to Mr. Hillersdon?"

"Of course I am, or I should not be thinking of marrying him within a year of my husband's death. We were boy and girl sweethearts, and I would have married him without a penny if it hadn't been for my people. They insisted upon my marriage with Mr. Champion, and he was very good to me, and I was very happy with him, but the old love was never forgotten and now that I are free what can be more natural than that I should marry my first love?"

"What indeed, but for one unhappy fact."

"What is that, pray?"

"You have engaged yourself to a dying man. Surely, my dear friend, you must see that this poor young man has the stamp of death upon him."

"I know that he is out of health. He spent the winter in England, and I thought he looked worse. We are going on a long cruise, we shall be in a climate that will cure him. He has been neglectful of his health, reckless of him self, with no one to take care of him. It will be all different when we are married."

"My dear Mrs. Champion, don't deceive yourself," the lawyer said, earnestly, "and don't pretend to have the power of working miracles, I suppose; and the raising of Lazarus was hardly a greater miracle than this poor man's resuscitation would be. I tell you—for it is my duty to tell you—that he is dying. I have seen such cases before—cases of strength and beauty and youth attacked, gradual vanishing of life. Doctor him as you may, nurse him as you may, this young man must die. Don't let your love blind you, I deeply regret it if you do—and be sure you will be again a widow before the year is out."

Tears were streaming down Mrs. Champion's cheeks. This plain, hard-headed lawyer had only put into plain words the dim forebodings, the indistinct terrors which had been weighing her down almost since her arrival in Florence. The change she had seen in him on his first coming had frozen her heart; and not once in all the days that had intervened had she seemed the same man she had loved a year ago. Between them there was a shadow, undescribable, indefinable, which she knew now was the shadow of death.

Mr. Maddickson made no ill-advised attempt at consolation. He knew that in such a case there must be tears, and he let her cry, waiting deferentially for anything she might have to say.

"I had such a sad time with Mr. Champion," she said, presently, "it was so painful to see his mind gradually going. You know what a long, long illness it was, nearly a year. I was a great deal with him, I wanted him to feel that he was never abandoned. It was my duty—but it was a sad trial. It left me an old woman."

This was a mere *facon de parler*, since Mrs. Champion's sufferings during her husband's illness had not written a line upon her brow or silvered a single hair.

"It was a dreadful time," she sighed, after a pause. "I don't think I could go through it again."

"It would be very hard if you were called upon to do so," said Mr. Maddickson, and Mrs. Champion felt that he was very kind.

She wanted the joys of life; not to be steeped to the lips in sorrow and odors of fast-approaching death.

"Does he really seem to you so very ill?" she asked presently.

"Nobody can doubt it who looks in his face. He has some medical attendant in Florence, I suppose."

"No, I wanted him to see Dr. Wilson but he refused. He says that he knows all about himself, that he has nothing to learn from any doctor."

"And he is hopeful about himself?"

"Yes, fairly hopeful, I think."

"Poor fellow. I am sorry for him, but I should be sorrier for you if you were foolish enough to marry him."

Mrs. Gresham came in from her morning walk, loquacious and gushing as usual. She had been to see the Duomo, and had taken another look at that dear David, and at the view of Florence from the terrace.

"Florence is in one of her too delicious moods," she said, "all sunlight and color. My heart aches at the thought of going away, but the place will live in my heart for the rest of my life. I shall see Fiesole sleeping on San Miniato on that hill of gardens, and the lovely light stealing in through the transparent marble in the Apse, when I am sitting in our own dear old dull gray church."

Gerard and his friend appeared before Rosa had left off talking, and there was an immediate adjournment to luncheon, at which meal conversation was chiefly sustained by Mr. Maddickson and Mr. Jermyn, with a running accompaniment by Rosa, who broke in at every point of the argument upon Italian art to express opinions which were as irrelevant as they were enthusiastic.

Edith Champion was silent and thoughtful all through luncheon and more than usually observant of her lover, who looked very pale depressed, scarcely ate anything, and drank only a single glass of claret. Seeing this, she proposed an adjournment of the drive to the Carthusians. The afternoon was warm to sultriness, the road would be dusty, and the going up and down steps would tire Gerard. He was altogether indifferent, would go or not go, as she pleased; whereupon she settled that Mr. Jermyn and Mr. Maddickson should drive with Mrs. Gresham, who was greedy of sight-seeing and always anxious to repeat expeditions, while Gerard and his *fiancee* could spend their afternoon in the garden.

That afternoon in the garden hung somewhat heavily on the engaged lovers. They

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had spent a good many afternoons and evenings together since Gerard's arrival in Florence, afternoons and evenings that had been virtually *tete-a-tete*, inasmuch as Rosa was very discreet and preferred her piano to the society of the lovers. Thus they had talked of the past and of the future—their plans, their houses, thier views of society, till there was no fresh ground left to travel over. Edith could talk only of actualities. The world of metaphysical speculations, the dreamlands of poets were worlds that were closed against her essentially worldly intellect. Gerard had never so felt the something wanting in the mind he felt it now that he had known the companionship of Hester's more spiritual nature. With Hester he had never been at a loss for subjects of conversation, even in the quiet monotony of their isolated lives.

The fountain, with its border of Arum lilies, the pink peonies, the blood-red cups of tulips that filled a border on a lower terrace, the perfume of lilac and hawthorn, all palled upon him as she sat upon the marble bench, and watched the water leaping gally upward towards the sunlight, only to fall and break in rainbow colored spray, symbolic of the mind of man always aspiring, never attaining. He was in one of those listless moods, when every nerve seems relaxed, every sense dulled; moods in which a man cares for nothing, hopes for nothing and, save for the dread of death, would willingly have done with life. Was it so vast a boon, after all, he asked himself, this life to which he clung so passionately? No boon, perhaps, but it was all. There was the rub. After this nothing. He might sicken of the loveliness around him, of the glory of color and the endless variety of light, of the distant view of the mountains, where the snow yet lingered. These might pall; but to exchange these for darkness and dust and the world's forgetfulness.

In the discussion on the previous evening it had been settled that the wedding was to take place on the coming Saturday. Mr. Maddickson had tried his utmost, by various suggestions, to defer the date, but Gerard had been inflexible, and had carried his point. In three days these two who sat like statues, in the afternoon sunlight, she sheltered by a large white parasol, he baring his head to the warmth, were to be man and wife. There was nothing more for them to talk about. Their future was decided.

Gerard did not wait for the return of the party from the Certosa or for afternoon tea. He pleaded letters that must be written for the evening post, and left before five o'clock, promising to dine at the villa as usual. Edith walked with him to the gate and kissed him affectionately at parting, detaining him a little at the last as if she were loth to let him leave her. And then, when his carriage wheels were out of hearing, she went slowly back to the house, with streaming eyes, went straight to her room, and flung herself upon a sofa, and cried as if her heart would break. She was so sorry for him, she mourned him as one already dead, she mourned for her old love, which had died with the man she had loved, the light-hearted happy lover of five years ago. It was hard to acknowledge, it was bitter to bear, but she knew that Mr. Maddickson was right and that to marry Gerard Hilleradon was only to take upon herself the burden of a great sorrow.

"If I believed that I could make his last days on earth happy, I would gladly marry him," she told herself. "I would think nothing of myself or of my own sorrow afterwards, my double widowhood; but I have seen enough of him now to know that I can't make him happy. He is no happier with me than he is anywhere else. He is only bored and wearied. I am nothing to him, and his wish to marry me can only be the desire to keep his promise. I believe it will be a relief to his mind if I release him from that promise. It was wrong of me to exact such a vow; very, very, wrong."

She remembered that day in Hertford street, when she had urged him to be true to her, when she had said to him of his promise—"Is it an oath?" Ah, how passionately she had loved him in those days, how impossible happiness had seemed to her without him. She had thought that if he were to marry any other woman she would die. There would be no help for her, nothing left. Wealth and rank, it can buy independence, beauty, youth, would be worthless without him. And now she was meditating with what words, with what gentle circumlocution she should free herself from a tie that had become terrible to her, the bond between the living and the dead. Mr. Maddickson's warning had suggested no new idea, the mournful conviction had been growing in her mind ever since Gerard came to Florence. She knew that he was doomed and that the day of doom could not be far off.

Gerard wrote his letters, to his mother, telling her of the intended wedding, to his banker, to his lawyer—and then threw himself down to rest upon a sofa in his spacious *salon*. He slept more than an hour and was only awakened by someone coming into the room. It was Jermyn who came in with an open letter in his hand.

"Have you come back straight from the Certosa, or did you stop to tea at the villa?" Gerard asked and then seeing the altered light, "Is it time to dress for dinner?"

"I don't think you will care about dressing or dining in Florence to-night. I have some bad news for you," replied Jermyn gravely, looking down at the letter.

"Bad news—you have bad news—for me. From Helmsleigh—no, from Lowcombe," he cried, turning ghastly pale.

"Yes, it is from Lowcombe. It comes by a side wind, in a letter from Matt Muller."

"Give me the letter," gasped Gerard, snatching it from Jermyn's hand.

He was too agitated for the first few moments to see the portion of the letter which referred to his own evil fortune. He saw only words about the house Muller was building—abuse of architect and builder—the mistakes of one, the dilatoriness of the other. It was only when Jermyn put a hand over his shoulder and pointed to the bottom of the second page of closely written matter that he saw where the bad news began.

"You are interested, I know, in that pretty young woman at the Rosary, though I could never persuade you to introduce me to her. You will be sorry to hear that she is in sad trouble, poor girl, trouble which is all the sadder because the man who called himself her husband seems to have deserted her. There was a baby born at the Rosary—a baby that came upon this mortal scene before he was expected, poor little beggar. The old father's sudden death, I believe, was the cause of this premature event—and ten days or a fortnight after the event the young mother went clean off her head, and only last night she eseaped from the two nurses who had care of her and wandered away by the river, with, I believe, the intention of drowning herself. The baby was drowned, and the mother only escaped by the happy chance of a couple of Cockniee who were rowing down from Oxford, and hearing the splash, ones of them swam to the poor girl's rescue very pluckily. There is to be an inquest on the infant this afternoon, and I don't know in whose custody the mother now is, but I suppose someone is looking after her. My builder's foreman lives at Lowcombe, and he tells me there has been a great deal of excitement about the affair, for this Mr. Hanley is supposed to be very rich, and he is thought to have acted cruelly to this poor young woman, wife or no wife, in leaving her at such a time."

"Cruelly," muttered Gerard, "yes, with the cruelty of devils. But she would not come with me—it was her choice to stay. How could I tell? Is it true, Jermyn? Is this some trick of yours to frighten me?"

"It is no trick. I thought it best to show you the letter, that you should know the worst at once."

"The worst, yes. Hester, perhaps, a prisoner—accused of murdering her child! The worst! Oh, what a wretch I have been. When can I get away from here? How soon can I get to London?"

"You can leave Florence to-night; I will go with you. The Mont Cenis, I think, is the quickest way. I'll arrange everything with your servant. Shall you see Mrs. Champion before you go?"

"See her, no; what good would that do?"

"We were to have dined with her this evening. Shall I write an apology in your name?"

"Yes, you can do that. Tell her I am called away upon a matter of life and death; that I don't know how long it may be before I can return to Florence. You may make my apology as abject as you like. I doubt if she and I will ever meet again."

"You are agitating yourself too much, Hillersdon," remonstrated Jermyn.

"Can there be too much in the matter? Can anything be too much? Oh, how nobly that girl loved me—how generous, how uncomplaining she was! And I have murdered her! First I slew her fair fame, and now her child is murdered, murdered by me, not by her, and she has to bear the brand of infamy, as if she were a common felon."

"She will not be considered guilty. It will be known that she was off her head, irresponsible. People will be good to her, be sure of that."

"Will the law be good to her? The law which takes no account of circumstances, the law which settles everything by hard and fast lines. To-morrow! It will be the day after to-morrow before we are in Lowcombe, travel how we may. What ages to wait. Get me some telegraph forms. I'll telegraph to the rector. He is a good man and may be able to help us."

"To help us," he said, making himself one with Hester in her trouble, re-united to her by calamity. He forgot in his agony how false he had been to her, forgot that he had planned to spend the rest of his days far away from her. The thought of her sorrow made her newly dear to him.

He made his appeal to the rector in the most urgent form that occurred to him. He implored that good man for Christian charity to be kind to the ill-used girl whom he knew as Mrs. Hanley. He urged him to spare no outlay in providing legal help, if legal help were needed. If she was able to understand anything she was to be assured that her husband would be with her without loss of an hour.

He used that word husband, careless of consequences, albeit in three days he was to have become the husband of another woman.

While he wrote the telegram Jermyn looked at the time-table. The train for Turin left in an hour. The order was given to the valet, everything was to be ready, and a fly at the door in three quarters of an hour.

"You'll have some dinner served here, I suppose," suggested Jermyn.

"Do you think I can eat at such a time?"

"Well, no perhaps not. You've been hard hit; but it would be better if you could fortify yourself for a long journey."

"Take care of yourself," answered Gerard, curtly.

"Thanks. I always do that," said Jermyn.

"I'll go down to *table d'hote* when I've written to Mrs. Champion."

He seated himself to write, but before he began a waiter brought in a letter for Mr. Hillersdon. Gerard knew the hand, the thick vellum paper with its narrow black border and massive black monogram; he knew the delicate perfume which always accompanied such letters, a faint suggestion of violets or lilies.

The letter was brief:

"Dear Gerard,—I have a wretched headache, and am altogether depressed and miserable this evening, so I must ask you and your friend to postpone your visit. I am not fit company for anyone. I will write again to-morrow. I have much to say to you—that must be said somehow. It may be easier to write than to speak. Ever yours, EDITH."

A curious letter to be written by a woman from whom he had parted only a few hours before. What could she have to say to him that could not have been said by the fountain when they two were so evidently at a loss for conversation. He wondered at the wording of her letter, but with faintest interest in the question. Everything that affected his life at Florence had grown dim and blurred like a faded photograph. The image of Edith Champion had receded into the background of his thoughts.

"Here is a letter that will save you the trouble of an elaborate apology," he said to Jermyn, "a letter which I can answer myself."

He scrawled a hurried line announcing his departure from Florence.

"You have deferred our wedding day twice," he wrote. "Fate constrains me to deter it for the third time. I will write to you from London."

(To be Continued.)

Modern Improvements in Africa.

THE SENEGAMBIA NATURAL CANTILEVER BRIDGE

The Mystery of Death.

Philosophers have concerned themselves much with attempts to define death. Life we know in some sort, but death is an absolutely unknown quantity. That which is mysterious is always more interesting than that which is patent even if uncomprehended. Life is familiar, but death must always remain a mystery and an unsolved problem to the living being. When Faber wrote: "Death is an unsurveyed land, an unarranged science," he expressed what still remains the sum of our conceptions. It is true that Herbert Spencer has attempted a more scientific formule. He tells us that life is "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistence and sequences" which, if not very intelligible to the non-scientific mind, has led to much heated disputation in philosophic circles. The best that can be said for definition is that it is at least as near the mark as any other. But does it bring us any nearer to a knowledge of what death is, to be told that it is simply a want of that "correspondence" of relations which is defined as life? The mystery of not-being still remains greater than the mystery of being. When Socrates suggested that pleasure is a state of not-pain, the mind can more readily grasp the significance than in a thesis which declares that death is not-life. But Socrates, as we know, argued that while life is contrary to death, death is produced from life and life from death. He also forced the long-suffering Simmias to admit that, if death is anything, it is nothing else than the separation of the soul from the body. "What is death," says Seneca, "but a ceasing to be what we were before?" "And where all life dies," says Milton, "death lives." Which may all be accepted without in the least enlightening us about "the strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the uncommunicative dead." Humboldt owned that he had never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death, yet held that death is not a break in existence—it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our finite existence to another. Job did not feel this when he spoke of "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death, without any order and where light is as darkness." But it is difficult to think otherwise in regarding the form of a dead child, where is, as Leigh Hunt says, "death in its sublimest and purest image." "The sense of death is most in apprehension," said the apprension is more general than Southey would have it, for he declared as the result of his observation that the fear of death is not common. Where it exists, he said, it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind than from any principle in our nature. But he is surely wrong, for it is an ineradicable principle in our nature to fear the unknown, even while we most zealously strive with it.—*The Scottish Review.*

The Fate of a Boy, a Bear, and a Bag of Dried Apples.

Extreme Old Age.

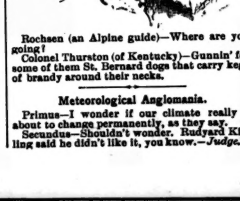
"How is your father coming on?" asked Col. Percy Forger of a darkey he used to own before the war.

"He am dead!"

"Dead, is he! He must have reached an advanced age."

"He did dat, for a fact. He was libin' up to de bery day of his deff."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Incident in Switzerland.



Rochsen (an Alpine guide)—Where are you going?

Colonel Thurston (of Kentucky)—Gunnin' for some of them St. Bernard dogs that carry kegs of brandy around their necks.

Meteorological Anglomania.

Primus—I wonder if our climate really is about to change permanently, as they say.

Secundus—Shouldn't wonder. Rudyard Kipling said he didn't like it, you know.—*Judge.*

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"Thank You."

Are you a thoroughly well-bred woman? If you are, there are some little "Thank yous" that you never omit in public and to strangers. You never forget to say "Thank you" to a man

Who stands aside to let you step into the elevated ahead of him.

Who gives you his place in a line of waiting persons.

Who stays a moment in his hurry to hold a door open for you.

Who steps aside to let you pass on a stairway.

To the policeman who helps you across the street.

To a servant who renders you a personal service.

To a horse car conductor who stops the car carefully exactly where you asked him to.

To the postman who gives you your letters on the street.

To the newsboy who folds your paper neatly and closely for you.

From Down East.

"Have you ever traveled in the west, Miss Penelope?" asked Shelley Higgins.

"Yes. Mother and I pahssed six weeks in New York lahst wintah."—*Puck.*

Can Stand One.

"Edmunds will leave a gap in the Senate."

"Yes; but, think how many yawns Blair takes with him."—*Puck*

What She Said.

Mr. Wiggles (just in from the road)—That's a deuced pretty girl you have in the kitchen. Call her in and say something to her.

Mrs. Wiggles (with rapidly formed resolution)—Molly, come in here a moment. Your month is up to-morrow. As I am going to get a new cook, I will give you two weeks' wages, and you can go at once.—*Puck.*

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"I thought of something, then I forgot what I thought, and then I didn't think anything," was the exhaustive response of the four-year-old.—*Judge.*

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An Evening with Delsarte!

IT was my great good fortune to be the recipient of an invitation to The Delsartean Club in New York a short time since, and as I must admit to my readers in the confidence of an *entre nous*, I had for some time had an ardent longing to see for myself how this club was conducted. I took good care to be on hand at the appointed time. A neatly garbed waitress ushered me into a large room in the basement where apparently there was a great destitution of furniture. It seemed at first sight as though it might have been cleared for a dance, a few chairs of odd shape, and here and again a long, lean, attenuated couch being the only articles in which our frail humanity might in vain seek rest. At one end of the room, curtained off, was a huge lavatory apparatus with hot and cold water, brushes of all kinds of hardness from an old time scrubber to a most luxuriantly tender line of bristle, Turkish towels in profusion, and an endless row of flasks of olive oil. The president kindly explained to me, on seeing my look of inquiry, that all her pupils before entering on the exercises laid down by the Delsartean apostles, went through a brisk ordeal of hot or cold water, an attendant rubbing them all over with the olive oil; then came the brushing system, beginning with the fine soft brush and gradually leading up to the old family scrubber. Hanging from the massive beams that crossed and recrossed the ceiling were swings—horizontal bars—reclining chairs hung at different degrees of inclined plains. My attention had been sufficiently taken up by the president's explanation of all these things, but in the meantime her pupils had been gathering together and donning their Delsartean garb, which I thought was extremely graceful. The pupil may gang her own sweet way as to color, but the cut of the garment, which is very simple, must not differ. A tight fitting silk vest with long sleeves, a Greek tunic caught up on the shoulder with a large silver button the size of a dollar, not a too abbreviated length as to the tunic just coming down to the ankles, silk stockings and Greek sandals complete this attire. Let me whisper as the soft sighing of Zephyr among the trees, that the disciples of Delsarte never wear corsets! As the clock struck eight with its silvery chimes the president gave the signal by clapping her hands when presto, like so many human squirrels, the fair votaries sprang to the swings showing great agility and grace in their supple movements. It had been explained before to me how much this was owing to the vigorous bathing and rubbing in of the oil, giving much of that sinuous movement and lithe grace observable in their bodies. After three quarters of an hour spent in these rapid movements, chocolate, iced toast and water and a peculiarly dainty wafer were served by the noiseless attendants who were habited in much the same style of garb as the rest. A quarter of an hour was given to the refreshments when another form of the system was gone into, the pupils taking under the direction of the president every kind of graceful pose of which the human frame could be thought capable. One charming and altogether divine young goddess, in pink and gray, stood with superb nonchalance on one small foot, the other limb poised behind; another, as though in the act of throwing herself into the sea, or in other words "taking a header," though rather to one side—*en profile*, to put it into professional phrasing. Again, one is turning herself into a seemingly boneless arch and introducing her taper fingers to her pink extremities. A most dignified maiden leans superbly against the high marble mantel, and twines her long deft fingers in and out of her golden tresses. But the crowning *coup* of the evening was to come! I had been told, but thought it only just that your true disciples of Delsarte could roll downstairs just as easily and without foreshortening their draperies or dislocating their collar bones, as any commonplace mortal could eat his dinner. At a given notice these divine creatures trooped out of the room and in a body ran, flew, floated—how can I, an earthly mortal, properly describe the ethereal movement!—up a very broad, old-fashioned staircase, where a solid two or three century old eight-day clock ticked out the hours, "Jamais, forever," as though no such thing as a Delsartean theory was there in full sweep along those broad stairs in the very act of showing an unbeliever that to such goddesses in their Greek robes and sandals a tumble down stairs is an every day adventure. Here they come, one after another, a glide, an undulating movement, a Greek Chaos, only for a moment; in another instant it has bounded to its feet and, presto! here is our golden-haired goddess once more, dignified, restored, herself, followed *toute suite*, by the others. I could only bow low, confess myself a convert to Monsieur Delsarte and retire a much surprised and totally admiring follower.

S. E. A.

Almost all of us live more in the future than the present. Those who live mostly in the past are on the high road to worse sorrow than they know. To the healthy-minded the future has always the treasure to which the present holds the keys.

Music.

Last week I visited the breezy city of Buffalo to see how they managed a musical festival over there. The impressions received were various. First of all the kindly courtesy of the press committee and Mr. M. J. Brennan, the manager of the Music Hall. Then the beautiful hall itself, a room seating twenty-seven hundred people comfortably and acoustically perfect. Then comes the music. Some of this was delightfully good. The Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Arthur Nikisch took part in all six concerts. It numbered seventy-five men with a lead of fifteen first violins. As to its performance I can only say that every one who loves orchestral music will have an ideal which he may never have heard fulfilled and which may be simply unattainable, and that if my ideal was not reached in every detail, it was still the most enjoyable orchestral effort that I have ever heard. The strings were splendid, clear and certain, with a beautiful strength and breadth of resonance. There were one or two weak members of the first violin section who prevented absolute unison, but the drawback was only a slight one. The woodwind was perfect, except the oboe, whose tone was harsh and grating in comparison to some I have heard. The brass was soft and mellow, too much so, in fact, being a trifle tardy in enunciation, lacking virility of accent.

*

I was naturally interested in the personality and the conducting of Mr. Nikisch, as every young Leipziger who has come back to Toronto has sung his praises in my ears, till I was quite prepared to expect something great and be grievously disappointed. The engagement of Mr. Nikisch to succeed Mr. Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra evoked a great deal of discussion in musical circles in the eastern cities, no small part of the discussion being pretty severe criticism, directed largely against the engagement of another German when there were American aspirants. He had warm defenders and equally warm detractors, so that I anticipated quite pleasurably the opportunity of "sizing him up" myself. I found him a slender man of medium height, very like our Mr. Ernst Mahr, the violoncellist, but with darker hair and without glasses. His face indicates a certain poetical disposition and the possibilities of a hasty, passionate temper not at all in agreement with the continuous self-control and passivity of countenance which he maintained throughout. He never smiled once during all the concerts and is somewhat of a *poseur* withal. Every time he approached the stand to conduct, he stopped and surveyed the audience with his grave, owl-like expression or allowed the audience to survey him, which of the two he alone knows. Then his mournful eye would turn to his orchestra and without a gleam of recognition would sweep the horizon, so to speak, and lugubriously give five or six peppery taps on the stand, and after another deliberate sweep of his eye over the orchestra would begin with the most positive, resolute gesture I ever saw. In this Nikisch excels.

*

I have frequently been annoyed at great orchestral concerts to see the orchestra play after the conductor's beat, thus in a measure confusing two senses. With Nikisch all this is different. He and his orchestra are absolutely together, with the result that they play with the most delightfully distinct accentuation and phrasing I have ever heard. The attacks are perfect, coming the instant you see them called for and the rythmic accent is never lost. Everything has a beautiful elasticity and gentle crispness. I heard them play the Fifth Symphony and I take off my hat to Mr. Nikisch. His methods of getting what he wants out of his orchestra may occasionally be unconventional, but we can forgive him that when the results are so excellent. He watches everything, directs each attack with an absolutely unmistakable movement and beats so distinctly that any musician can read his beat at once. The blending of tone color in the band was excellent, with the exceptions I have named. Unfortunately I could not attend all the concerts and missed some of the gems of the programme. But I heard McDowell's Symphonic Poem Lancelot and Elaine of which I had heard a great deal. It did not strike me as being worthy of the talk it had aroused. Themes abound and are not developed, in fact the whole affair is best described in the words of a friend who was with me: "It's a musical kaleidoscope." Tschaikoffsky's overture fantasia Romeo and Juliet is a similar work, but more worthy of the term "symphonic poem" than the McDowell number. It, too, is rather rhapsodical. The well known Liszt Tasso was beautifully played and can still stand as a model for that class of music. The Tannhæuser overture and finale, described as the Paris version, was also played. Nobody seemed able to tell me what the "Paris version" is, and I cannot enlighten you. I can only describe it as going into rather formless maunderings after the Bacchanale and closing without a recurrence of the Pilgrims' Chorus music.

*

They had a splendid array of soloists. A good deal of interest had been aroused in the singing of Miss Mary Howe, who is, I believe, a cousin of Mrs. Edward Fisher of this city. Miss Howe has become known as the beauty singer of the day, and her press notices I had found very sympathetic on the point of her personal beauty and very polite as to her singing. I found her a very handsome woman and a surprisingly good singer. She sang the Bell Song from Lakmi and the Bird Song from David's Perle du Bresil. These selections call for a voice of exceptional range, and Miss Howe fully met the requirements. Her lower and middle notes are full and strong, a surprising fact in a voice of such high compass, but they are not altogether pleasant, lacking refinement of tone. Her upper notes are simply delightful, strong, rich and round and of most agreeably soft and delicate quality. They show flexibility as may be inferred from trills executed on high C. These were not mere "toots," but genuine, unmistakable *notes*. I hope that Miss Mary Howe will come to Toronto soon. Everybody who hears—and sees—her will be delighted. When I heard Miss De Vere sing on Saturday evening, she sang a rather dramatic soprano part in the King Rother's Bride, a part hardly suited to her voice, and which she had not rehearsed with the orchestra, in consequence of which her performance was not worthy of her ability, a fact much to be regretted. The other ladies were Marie Jahn and Mrs. Nikisch, both of whom sing with a tasteful interpretation and both of whom are distinctly objectionable on account of the tremolo in their voices. When will some giant arise in his wrath and slay all these wobbling singers? It seems to me that no words of condemnation can be strong enough for those who indulge in this nauseating tone-production.

*

The men were excellent. Mr. Behrens is a basso with a big, generous, but beautifully refined voice and sings with perfect taste. Mr. E. C. Bushnell is a basso cantante with a good strong voice and sympathetic quality. His method is good, but falls him occasionally on a high note. Practice and study will doubtless supplement a fine natural voice and a distinctly musical temperament. Mr. Bushnell is another artist who should be heard here. He surpasses anything we have. Messrs. Rieger and Dippel both have sung here and are known. They sang most acceptably. The chorus was very good numbering some five hundred voices. The sopranos were clear and sweet in tone with a little too much "scoop," and the altos were weak in both strength and quality. The men had a very agreeable tone, but too open and lacking in vitility. As a chorus all sang with fair certainty and with a certain crispness when a phrase was once entered. Their attacks were occasionally somewhat foggy. Still I heard them in a difficult work, King Rother's Bride, and taken altogether their singing was very creditable to Mr. John Lund their conductor, who is evidently a good chorus-master. (This gentleman has also been engaged to conduct the Sengerfest at Hamilton in August). But the item in which a particularly inclined Canadian and Imp. Fed. would most delight was the children's chorus, for here he could indulge in unlimited criticism. There were six hundred children in the chorus and I never anywhere heard a more strident yelling lot than they were. The tone was simply horrible in its hard quality, with chest tones carried up to C. A gentleman named Everett L. Baker was the conductor and his antics at the stand were quite amusing. He had a force of tenors and basses to assist the children, producing a poor, inadequate effect, where he could have found plenty of two-part and three-part songs which would have been much more suitable for the young voices. Finally the guarantee fund of $60,000 will have to submit to an assessment of seven per cent. to cover the deficit. Part of this was caused by the large number (six) of concerts, and part by the large number of soloists.

*

The Theodore Thomas concert on the 11th will be an event of importance. It is several years since we had an orchestral concert of the importance of this one. Campanini and Joseffy are additional attractions.

THEODORE THOMAS.

*

The genial manager of the Grand Opera House, Mr. O. B. Sheppard, had a full house at his benefit on Monday evening, when an excellent performance of the Mikado was given by the ladies and gentlemen who had so well rendered the opera in April last.

*

Quite a conting ent went up to Hamilton last week to hear Pinafore played by amateurs of the city under the hill. A little assistance from Toronto showed the amicable reciprocal relations existing musically between the two cities. Mrs. Caldwell was very acceptable as Josephine, and Mrs. Mackelcan was jolly and anachronistic as Little Buttercup. Mr. T. D. Beddoe and Mr. Warrington both sang excellently as Ralph Rackstraw and Captain Corcoran, while Toronto—not of Old, but of a few years back—provided a good Sir Joseph Porter in Mr. Edwin A. Mumford. Then they say that Mr. Herbert Browne's Dick Deadeye was great, that the whole performances reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Joseph W. Baumann who conducted, and that the first violins in the orchestra, Miss Nora Clinch and Mr. George Fox, were splendid, especially in the obligato to Jack's Yarn, a song sung by the little Middy.

*

The closing service of song for the season at Carlton street Methodist church was held on Sunday the 24th, W. Edgar Buck conducting, with Misses Fitch and Fuller, and Messrs. Jarvis, Richards and Buck as soloists.

*

On Thursday evening next the Music Concert Company will give its concert at the Pavilion. Mons. Ovide Musin has made many visits to Toronto, having played here at the old Monday Pops, for St. George's Society, for the Toronto Vocal Society and for the Toronto Philharmonic Society, and has always had great success in the city. He is now closing his fifth transcontinental trip and goes to Mexico next February, and to Australia next April.

METRONOME.

One of the Peers.

Eminent Advocate (to Possible Juror)—Do you entertain any conscientious scruples against the infliction of capital punishment?

Possible Juror (confidently)—John Smith, sixty-two years old last grass, thank ye.

Advocate (wrathfully)—I did not ask your name.

Possible Juror (cheerfully)—No, sir, hain't read nuthin' about the case.

Advocate (roaring)—Are you deaf or a fool?

Possible Juror—You'll haf to speak a little louder. I'm kinder hard o' hearin'.

Advocate—Accepted!—*Puck.*

N. G. Gossip.

Sergeant Crossbelt—Now, in case of foreign invasion, we Guardsmen would be ordered out.

Private Rerank—Do you really think they would take such extreme measures? Er-r-r, how long do you think before the—er-r-r—foreigners would let us come back?—*Puck.*

"THE FADING OF THE FIELDS IN VERDURE DRESSED."

The Drama.

On Monday evening last Mr. O. B. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House had his annual benefit. The attraction was the Mikado, by the same company of local amateurs that played the opera some weeks ago. The performance was at that time fully criticized and it may only be added that the members of the company took their respective parts better than ever, especially Mr. Parr in the part of Nanki-Poo, whose work was a marked improvement on his former performance. It is also gratifying to state that despite the many other attractions of the Queen's Birthday, the popularity of Mr. Sheppard is so well established as to draw a full house.

*

Mr. Harry Boddy, whose portrait in the part which he took in the performance of On Guard, by the Sheridan Club, is here presented, is well known in Toronto society. Those who were struck with his splendid ability on that occasion will be gratified to know that he has received a lucrative offer to go on the professional stage next season, which, however, it is doubtful whether he will accept.

"Nothing could be fairwer than that."—Mr. Harry Boddy as Baby Boodle.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. W. J. Breen, who has during the past two years become popular as assistant treasurer of the Grand Opera House, will take Mr. Herbert Sheppard's place as treasurer next season.

It may be interesting to their many Toronto friends to know that Messrs. Courtenay Thorpe and Ferdinand Gottschalk of the Rosina Vokes company sailed for England on a two months' vacation trip on Wednesday last.

The talk that is going on about the marriage of Ward McAllister's nephew with a ballet girl, says Eugene Field in the Chicago *News*, recalls an interesting incident in the life of Joseph Jefferson, the comedian. When Jefferson returned from his triumphal engagement in London, a number of New York swells determined to honor the actor who had made so great a stir in England. Accordingly, a splendid dinner was given to Jefferson, and all the conspicuous representatives of Gotham sweldom were there. It befell that on the very morning of the day when this great banquet was served, Jefferson's son, Tom, married a very pretty and estimable girl who had been a member of one of the spectacular ballets. So, during the banquet, one of the guests (a very swell personage) referred to a newspaper item in which Tom's prospective wedding was mentioned. "Yes, it is true," said Jefferson, "Tom was married to-day." "But it is not true, I suppose, that he married a ballet girl?" inquired the aristocratic person. "Yes, it is true," answered Mr. Jefferson, laconically. "Ah, I did not suppose you would allow your son to marry a ballet girl," said the other. "And why not?" asked Mr. Jefferson. "His mother was a ballet girl!" The aristocratic party lapsed into silence.

His Strong Point.

"Well, there's one thing about Harrison, any how," said Wiggles.

"What's that?"

"He's the cutest little President we've ever had."—*Puck.*

The Tanager.

For Saturday Night.

To-day, amid the willows' balmy crest,
Branches that every Spring do woo the stream,
And view their charms renewed in its clear gleam,
I saw the flaming pennon of his breast;
He was, methought, a grim, unwelcome guest,
Forerunner of the garish summer flow'rs,
Telling the waning of Spring's dreamy hours,
The fading of the fields, in verdure dressed;
Prophet of days when yon cool, singing brook,
That mirrored all his splendor on its face,
Would lose its waters in pools dank and warm;
When snowy hawthorn blossoms would give place
To sun-flowers bright that, fearless of all harm,
Upon the sun-god's flaming face may look.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Alone.

For Saturday Night.

In lurid glory sinks into the west the dying day,
The foam-crown'd waves reflect the smoky gold
Of wind-borne clouds, whose tatter'd shreds enfold
The storm-fraught heavens, while the pine woods lone in anguish sway,
And wring their fearful hands upon the shore.

Athwart the darkling wave with weird wild wail a seagull white,
(And like some mortal lost, whose soul unshriven,
Untiring seeks in vain some shelt'ring heaven,
Some rest eternal and for aye doth haunt the gloomy night),
Flys towards his airy home 'mid yonder crags.

Far o'er the rocking billows flies with full sail set,
Some laden fisher's boat which seeks a port
Of safety ere the fresh'ning winds which sport
Coquettish with the dancing waves, burst forth with furious roar
And plow to lashing foam the angry bay.

Alone upon the beach I watch to-night the gath'ring storm;
The moaning winds, the sobbing of the sea,
Can only soothe my surging grief and be
Companion to a soul whose life's buried with thy foam
Amid the coral caves for evermore.

A. L. MCNAB.

A Tin Angel.

For Saturday Night.

Radiant upon the ruddy hearth
It sits and warbles gaily;
Inspir'd by genial sympathies
That glow beneath it daily.

Bird-like its song-thrill'd body stirs
And trembles on the embers,
While breathing gurg'ling melodies
Which ev'ry heart remembers.

Methinks the seraphim that tun'd
Heav'n's harps of golden metal
Stole secretly to earth and voic'd
The mellow-throated kettle.

For when I'm hungry, tired and cold,
I find more comfort in it
Than all the dreamy twilight trills
Of nightingale and linnet.

Then streams it forth with cosy cheer,
That echoes with the tinkle
Of china cups whose dainty draughts
Drown many a world-worn wrinkle.

Thus drink I, from its depths divine,
Sweet music more seraphic
Than all your silv'ry symphonies
Gold-bound and label'd "classic"!

Then floats its curling wreaths of steam,
In snowy clouds above me,
To picture bright dissolving views
Of fairy fair that love me!

Thus many a long lost, far flown form,
In draperies of steam-white,
Still whispers through the kettle's song,
Old strains to make my heart light.

'Tis then again I faintly hear,
While thinking of the old time,
The music of a mother's voice
Soft telling me "Tis ten-time,"

To call my weary footsteps home,
In song and feast to mingle,
Where starry lights forever flash
From Heaven's golden ingle!

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Life's Pages.

For Saturday Night.

I am turning o'er the pages,
The pages of my years,
And I see that some are brightly hued
And some are dimmed with tears.

The brightest page is that which shows
The dawning of my life—
One long sun-shiny morning
Without heartache, tears or strife;

The noon, almost as cloudless,
But with fuller joys and pains,
With brighter gleams of sunlight
And with passing teardrop rains;

The evening dull, with heavy clouds,
But the morn and noon had sent
Gifts of bright memories, helping me
To bear them with content.

And I cannot even murmur
As I lay the pages by,
That the night is dark, for the Star of Faith
Shines brightly in the sky.

And there reigns a peaceful quiet
As I walk on through the night,
Lifting hands and heart, and looking
Towards a Dawn of Truest Light.

VIOLET ROBERTS.

Noted People.

Mrs. Annie Besant is named as the probable head of the Theosophical Society.

Queen Margherita of Italy is credited with a fondness for the Hebrew language and literature, and with marked proficiency in both.

The mother of the late Henry C. Work, the author of Marching through Georgia, died at her home in Hartford on the day of General Sherman's death.

A wonderful "find" has just been made in the Harvard College Library; noteing less than thirty volumes of Goethe's writings, marked "Gift of the Author." They were presented to the library through Dr. Cogswell, who was a warm personal friend of the poet.

It is not generally known that the late Marshal von Moltke's wife was an English woman, his sister's stepdaughter. He was many years her senior, but the marriage was extremely happy, and her death was a terrible blow to him. He built a mausoleum for her on his Silesian estate, and was devoted to her memory.

Mrs. Lippincott, better known to the public as Grace Greenwood, is a great sufferer just now from an affection of the eyes, for which she must undergo painful and delicate treatment. All this interferes greatly with the fulfillment of her manifold literary duties, in which she receives ready assistance from innumerable and devoted friends.

Among the carefully selected employees who will have charge of the New York Bureau of the new International Copyright Company, is a clever young Creole girl whose thorough knowledge of American and French literature and a clear understanding of both German and Spanish, enable her to assume a position of great responsibility and importance.

In all New York City there is not a busier woman than Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, wife of the eminent jurist; for to her do any number of prominent philanthropic, literary and patriotic organizations look for guidance and a head. Yet, notwithstanding the demand the societies and their members make upon her for time and thought, Mrs. Pryor neglects no social duty, and is in manner the acme of well-bred deliberation and repose.

The late Madame Blavatsky laid claim to royal blood, boasting descent from the Dolgorouky family of Russia. Her husband was a Russian official, and she was always known in Russia as "Her Excellency Madame la Generale," although she dropped all her titles in becoming an American citizen. As president of the Theosophical Society she did much to advance the study of that cult and to gain adherents to it, who were not disillusionized even when its president gained the title often given her of "High Priestess of Humbug."

The prolific New South has produced yet another talented young writer, who as Miss Dorsey, a member of an old and honorable Maryland family, began her literary career very quietly in journalistic work for the Baltimore papers. Her clever weekly editorials, sketches and poems attracted widespread attention, and now, as Mrs. Albert Richard son, she has resigned her journalistic labors, and by the advice of magazine editors will devote all her talents and energy to more lasting and pretentious literary work.

Perhaps the influence of foreign customs, with which she is so familiar from early association, is the reason for the uncommon formality of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's social methods and domestic arrangements. She closely follows the English fashion of issuing invitations to even the smallest function some four weeks beforehand. For a select At Home or quiet afternoon tea she will receive in elaborate toilet, and rarely are her menservants seen in other uniform than full livery; yet, strangely enough, the name of her country home or address of her city house is the only decoration permitted on her note and letter paper.

Now that the season of out-door sports has again opened, and tennis courts are being re-outlined for summer use, Miss Mabel Cahill is hard at work practising for any tournaments the seasons may bring forth. This young lady is a native of Ireland, and is undoubtedly the cleverest woman tennis player in the Eastern States. On dirt or grass courts she practises hours every day with much more of the professional than of the amateur earnestness. During the two summers in which she has taken a prominent part in public tournaments in America, she has vanquished any number of crack women players, and now and then a man, and has reaped a rich harvest of silver prizes successful players well might envy her.

No wonder the advocates of women's rights and women's advancement are heartily discouraged over the rejection of Miss Beatrice Potter as a member of the Royal Commission on Labor, recently organized in London. It would be hard to find one of the other sex so entirely devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the working population, or one so intelligent, patient and discreet in dealing with the subject. Miss Potter will be remembered as the cherished pupil of Herbert Spencer, and the brave woman who risked everything in disguising herself as a sweater, and in laboring for months among the Jewish girls. That she is young, beautiful, and possessed of a large, independent fortune only makes her sacrifices the more noble, and renders her the better fitted to dignify and honor any commission Englishmen could form.

Not long before his death Barnum summoned his lawyer to the side of the couch where he was lying. "I am very much worried," he said, "about a certain matter, and I want to consult you. My neighbor keeps peacocks. Now, suppose some of them should fly over into my yard—which they are doing all the time—and lay some eggs here. Would those eggs belong to me, or could my neighbor compel me to give them up?" The lawyer, having duly scratched his head, answered: "Well, Mr. Barnum, I must take time to look into this matter. But the best thing for you to do would be to keep the eggs and let your neighbor sue for their possession. In that way your rights would be determined, and we should have a very valuable test case." "Well," said Barnum, "while you are looking into the matter will you find out how it would be if the eggs were laid by peahens?" The lawyer swore softly to himself, but never made any investigation.

Ontario Society of Artists.

FIRST NOTICE.

THE Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition at the society's gallery in the Academy of Music has been fairly well attended during the past fortnight, and much distinction has been added to it by the combination of the pleasures to be derived from pictorial art with those derived from the musical one, in a series of promenade concerts when the best orchestral talent in the city has performed. This morning, through the kindness of the society, the newsboys of the city are enjoying the pictures free of charge. The rooms are prettily arranged and the work of the hanging committee is on the whole satisfactory. Three rooms are filled but it would have been as well to have left one unfilled and to have refrained from admitting some of the studies of pots, blacking brushes, old boots, peacock feathers and other objects which of themselves may make fair enough studies but can not claim to be pictures. However, there are several hopeful things which characterize the exhibition; one of which is the excellence of technique which characterizes the work of many of the younger exhibitors, and another the presence of Mr. Reid's small study, Job. This is poorly hung between the wall and the steamheater, and it was impossible to judge of it properly. It seems to share the fault of many of Mr. Reid's other pictures, bad composition, but is, at any rate, a distinct advance in Canadian art. I do not know whether it is Mr. Reid's intention to elaborate it into a larger picture, but it is to be hoped that during the coming year artists will be seized with a desire to emulate him and introduce more imagination into their works.

The best work exhibited is by Mr. Forster. His portrait of a young lady is as fine a piece of flesh painting as has ever been executed in Toronto, and it would be interesting to see Mr. Forster's treatment of such subjects as are chosen by his master, Bouguereau. His large picture, Plough Deep While Sluggards Sleep, is also a fine work; good in composition, with the misty atmosphere and gorgeous sky of early morning managed admirably. In fact, the only serious fault in the picture is its monotonous foreground, and this could be remedied by cutting four inches from the bottom of the canvas or the introduction of a stump or stone in the lower left-hand corner. Mr. O. P. Staples' Breaking the Meadow is a subject similar somewhat to Mr. Forster's. The wonderful hazy atmosphere of noonday and the smoky distance are remarkably fine; but the beauties of Mr. Staples' picture do not at once strike one, while the idiosyncrasy in the attitude of the figures is at once noticeable. The driver is in an attitude of action, while the horses are at rest. Mr. Homer Watson has a fine landscape, executed in his own well known manner, and Mr. Biehn's Old Sambo is not the least effective picture on exhibition. Mr. Biehn has chosen the suitable dimensions for such a subject, and in his aim—to excite one's risibilities—he is successful.

The water-colors come first. Nos. 1 and 2, by Mr. Bell-Smith, are in his well known style, but the coloring of the former is somewhat odd. No. 1A, by Miss May Martin, is but fair, and 2A, by the same artist, shows little sense in composition. Mr. Bruenech's pair, 3 and 3A, are sea coast scenes and well executed. In Mr. Bell-Smith's picture, A Conversation, No. 4, the figures are wooden, and No. 5, by Miss Muntz, is extremely peculiar in coloring. No. 6, by Mr. Bell-Smith, is but fair. No. 7, by Mr. Revell, Crossed by Shades and Sunny Gleams, is the finest water color in the main room and has some beautiful effects which are described by its title. Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12, by the same artist, are pretty and well executed. No. 8, a subject in the Island of Jersey, is only fair. Nos. 13, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20, Mr. C. M. Manly's pictures of English scenery, are all fair and in the case of No. 20 good. Mr. J. R. O'Brien shows but two pieces and the distinction which his work usually adds to the water color exhibition is missed. No. 14 is a scene on the Cornwall coast and is fairly well executed. No. 15, a scene at Murray Bay, is fine. No. 21, Midday Sunshine, by Mr. Fowler, is too vivid in coloring even for midday. Nos. 22 and 23, by Mr. Gagen, are two scenes in the State of Maine. No. 22 is well executed, but it would be impossible to find so blue a sea with such a sky. In No. 23 the sky is carelessly done. In McGillivray Knowles' water colors, Nos. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34 and Nos. 60 and 61 all show that artist's mastery of technique, but with the exception of No. 26 they all show a tendency to too much vividness in coloring. No. 26, After the Rain, is a fine picture, but has a monotonous body tone and the rain seems to have an intention of coming back again. Mr. Rolph has several subjects which may be termed local. They are all fairly good, the best of them being No. 29A, entitled In the Lagoons. Mr. D. Fowler's pair, Nos. 24 and 25, are too vivid in coloring. No. 38, Broken Down, by the same artist, is unqualifiedly bad, and almost as much so are Nos. 52 and 59. Mr. Bruenech's picture, 35A, in the Adirondacks, is pretty, as is 37A, A Summer Afternoon. No. 41A, After Sundown (Vermont), is a fine picture, but his figure study, No. 54, is only fair. Mr. A. Jardine has one good landscape, No. 34A. Mr. T. M. Martin is more successful in water colors than in oils and has some very fair pieces, the best of which is No. 37, Where the Lilies Grow, and 36 would also be so were the distance well handled. No. 40, showing part of the Church of the Redeemer, is well executed, but badly composed. Mr. Matthews' Rocky Mountain pieces, Nos. 43, 44, 45, 46, 48 and 49, are all good good and, in the case of No. 46, fine. Miss May Martin's Muskoka scenes, Nos. 50 and 56, are mediocre. Mr. O. P. Staples' Piper, No. 53, is fair. Mr. J. A. Radford's picture, No. 62, At Break of Day, is a beautiful little picture, rich in coloring. Mr. F. L. Foster's Niagara subjects, Nos. 64 and 65, are well executed. No. 65, a British Columbia subject, by Mr. A. P. Colman, is fair, as is No. 67, a West India scene, by Mr. Reford. Two finely executed pictures by the late Mr. Hannaford complete the water colors in the main room.

Nos. 68 to 87 are by a printer's error under the heading of water colors. No. 68 is by Mr. Forbes and is fair. Nos. 69, 73, 78 and 79 share the faults and merits of all Mr. Martin's work. Miss Gertrude E. Spurr, one of the young lady members of the Art Students' League, which is making its influence felt on the work of the younger artists of the city, has two very fine studies of roses, Nos. 70 and 86. Mr. Arthur Cox's two pictures, Nos. 71 and 87, show the same stiffness and want of distance which characterize all his work.

Miss Maud Wilkes, in No. 72, A Study of a Head, has made a decided advance on her last year's work. No. 74 is Mr. Homer Watson's landscape spoken of above. No. 76, a smaller picture by the same artist, shows but little originality. Mr. Sherwood's portrait, No. 75, is a good likeness but stiff. Mr. Forster's portraits, Nos. 77, 83 and 95, respectively of the artist's mother, Col. Cubitt and a Young Lady, are the best portraits on exhibition, and the flesh has a beautiful mellowness. No. 95 is previously mentioned and surpasses the other two. No. 80, The Path of Glory, by Mr. Cruikshank, is too vivid in coloring, and the same artist's portrait of Mr. James Spooner is but fair.

No. 81, A Study of a French Girl, by W. Blair Bruce, is a pretty picture, though the background is poor. No. 82 is Mr. Staples' picture, Breaking the Meadow, and spoken of above. No. 84, a study of pottery, has no place in such company. No. 88, Wild Flowers, by Mrs. Dignam, is pretty and No. 89, by Mr. Challener, is fair, but the floor is not dirty enough for a village smithy. No. 90, a sea-scape by Mr. Forbes, is very good, but his other sea pictures, Nos. 91, 94, 98, 101 and 113 are only fair. No. 90 A, one of Mr. Sherwood's dogs' heads, is fair. Miss F. C. Thompson's Study of Roses, No. 92, is pretty and Mrs. Reid's Weedy Pasture, No. 95, is beautifully done but bad in composition. Miss Spurr's two scenes, Nos. 96 and 103 are, though fair, not so successful as her flower pictures. No. 97, Roses, by Miss Samuel, is not very good. No. 99, Ivy Bridge (Devonshire), by Mr. Homer Watson, is very fine. Nos. 100 and 128, The Trapper, and The Good Samaritan, by T. Mower Martin, are large pieces of a somewhat similar character. They show that much pains have been taken over them, but the figures are in each case wooden and insane. No. 102 is a portrait by Mr. Cutts and is not bad. No. 104, An Impression in Greens and Grays, by Mr. Challener, is only fair. No. 105 is a small scene by Mr. Martin. No. 106, A Willow, by Mr. Reid, is fair. No. 107, Carlo, by Miss Palin, is fair, but pasty. No. 108 is Miss J. M. F. Adams' beautiful little picture, A Newsboy. Miss Adams and Mr. Challener are pupils of Mr. Reid and their mastery of technique reflects great credit on the latter gentleman. No. 109 is a portrait fairly well executed, by Mr. Cruikshank. No. 110, Mullurs, by Mr. A. D. Martin, is pretty, and Mr. Forbes' two pictures Nos. 111 and 115 are a well executed pair of landscapes. No. 112 is Mr. Forster's Plow Deep While Sluggards Sleep, spoken of above. Mr. Challener's at Lambton, No. 113, is well executed, but shows lack of composition. No. 114, Love's Young Dream, is a pretty figure painting, but one eye is slightly over. No. 116, Musing, by the same artist, is also good. Mr. Sherwood's Dog, 117, is mediocre. No. 118, A Quiet Nook, is one of the most striking little pictures on exhibition. It is a pretty arrangement of greens and blues, but could have been better treated with water colors. No. 119, by the same artist, Mr. McGillivray Knowles, is but poor. Nos. 120, 124 and 126, another group of Mr. Forbes' seascapes, are fair. Nos. 121 and 127, a pair of Rose pictures, by Mr. Challener, are good, in the latter case particularly so. No. 122, a Welsh Mountain Home, by Miss Spurr, is fair. No. 123, In the Studio, is in Miss Adams' original manner. It is the most beautifully finished picture on exhibition, but in composition it is bad and makes little effect. No. 125 is a life-like portrait by Miss Muntz. No. 129, a Hamilton scene, by Mr. W. Forster, is good in technique. No. 130, Mamma Wants Me, by Mrs. Dignam, has all the elements of a pretty picture, but is spoiled by too much use of the palette knife. No. 131, a sea-scape by Mr. Reid, is fair. No. 132, Evening in Holland, by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, is good. No. 133, A Scene on the St. Lawrence, by Mr. Dunbar, is fair. Mr. Sherwood's two portraits, Nos. 134 and 138, are fair, but No. 135, a group by the same artist, is poor. No. 136, A Study of Shells, Mr. Challener, should not have been exhibited. It is not a picture. The unevenness of Mr. Challener's work is most noticeable in his pictures hung on the east wall. They range from the very fine to the mediocre. No. 146, A Quiet Read, a girl's head and shoulders, is beautiful, savoring of the impressionist school. No. 144, Sewing (an impression), is also fine. No. 143, Snowfalls, is not a subject rich enough in coloring for oil treatment. His Woman in White, No. 152, is almost the same picture as Love's Young Dream and is well done. No. 137, A Cowboy, is a well painted picture, but is bad in composition. No. 139, Mid-Ocean, by G. A. Reid, is fair. In No. 140, Carnations, by Mrs. Reid, the flowers are well painted, but the picture is too large for the subject. No. 141, Roses, by Miss Ross, is fair. No. 142, White Roses, by Miss Spurr, is a very fine water color, which has got into wrong surroundings. No. 145, A Bit of Color, by Mrs. Reid, is fair. No. 147, a little girl's head, by Mr. Cutts, is poor. No. 148, Pansies, by Miss E. C. Thompson, is fair. Mr. Reid's portrait of Mr. J. Enoch Thompson is somewhat wooden. No. 159, A Study for Job, is spoken of above. No. 151, In the Avenue, by Miss Muntz, is a group and very good. No. 153, a study, by Mr. Reid, is a 2 x 3 inch picture, and is good, what there is of it. No. 154, Queens of the Meadow, is the finest flower piece that Mrs. Reid has yet painted. No. 155, Violets and Mignonette, is but fair. No. 156 is Mr. Reid's study for his well known picture, Dreaming. Nos. 157 and 158, two small pieces, are fair. No. 159 is a flower piece by Mrs. Reid, and fairly good. Two large pictures by Mr. Reid are No. 160, the Last Load, and 166, Played Out. The first of these is a well composed picture, richly colored and altogether satisfactory. The latter is badly composed with the flesh painting poor, and is disappointing. The balance of the exhibition will be written of next week. CHAD.

Peanut Patriotism.

For Saturday Night.

Oh! gather, sons and daughters of the beauty of the North,
Oh! gather, men and women, for the nation bids you forth;
Your Canada demands it, you her children, are you true,
Are you loyal to the Empire and the old Red, White and Blue?
Some are boasting no true Briton ever wears the Maple Leaf,
Some would set the hardy Beaver on to fight his Lion Chief;
Let them hear our proud defiance—they may dry Niagara's flood
Ere our land forgets the name for which our fathers shed their blood!
Let them say there's not a Briton in our dear Canadian home,
But the tood of blood is stronger than the barrier of foam;
A thousand leagues may separate—a thousand ties will bind
Till the brotherhood of Britain is the glory of mankind.
We cannot and we will not have our Canadian disclaim
Her position in the Empire, in the Flag, the Roll of Fame;
Britain leads among the nations, she will set the people free,
She will march to man's redemption, but she needs the Maple Tree.
They would pilfer his allegiance from the strong Canadian heart,
And bargain for his heritage with diplomatic art;
They would hew our stately Maple into splinters in their spite
Till they left no branch in Canada to bear her emblem bright.
But her forests are not wider than the race of patriot sons
That will bless her, every acre, where grass grows and water runs,
That will love her, live and work for her, and die for her at the
And sleep beneath her maples with her heroes of her past.
Let folly fill the shallow heart that lays his birthright down,
Confusion takes the shallow heart disloyal to the Crown;
There's no excuse of vicious king or monarch led astray
To justify the traitor to the world's best hope to-day;
For England, mother England, still fights hard for right to be,
And her Crown is yet the symbol of the valiant and the free;
Look, fellow Britons! Look and judge what other banners are,
For a brighter flag than England's you must seek another star.
Then rise and reign, Dominion fair, between the world-wide seas;
White Peace her mighty pinion spreads to cherish your decrees;
Strong as the North, your sons go forth with Freedom for their dower,
To guard from blame your name and fame, to build you like a tower.
No destiny will daunt them, no adversity dismay,
The King of Kings will grant them wisdom with the powers they sway;
And while their pride to Britain turns—the Empire of the Free
For Canada their loyal love, their heart's desire shall be.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

An Open Letter to the Humane Society.

The card with announcement of your annual meeting reached me just as I returned from town, when at luncheon hour in the heat and dust of our streets I had been surcharged with pity for the day laborer seated on the sidewalk or at the mouth of the pit eating his mid-day meal, after doing his share in disembowelling Yonge street in the interests of our gas company. And as those laborers ate they inhaled the gas odor, while their bread was seasoned with the dust of the earth, and I wished that your humane society could—well—literally, have a wing or branch to keep the dust off those men, perhaps in the form of one or more rustic pavilions throughout our city with a wash-room, to make them more human.

Again a thought which has frequently come to me in this our spire-crowned city: can you do anything for the butcher boy who, in the first hour of the first day of the week, is starting his weary rounds? A devout mission worker tells me she sees early on Sunday morning both butcher and grocer carts delivering their wares. In this case the horse as well as the boy is overtaxed.

I believe if on your platform or by your members appealing to our citizens generally in the interest of the butcher boy as well as the horse to make their purchases early in the day, that this latter evil would cease to exist.

Perhaps being as yet a non-member of your society I should apologize for addressing you, and yet as a Humane Society I believe I have your pardon, And am, yours faithfully,

ANNIE G. SAVIGNY.

One Way of Putting It.

"There goes a man," said Jones to a friend the other day, pointing out some one whose head and shoulders only could be seen in the crowd, "there goes a man who mourns the time when he used to have corns."

"Indeed! How extraordinary!"

"Yes. He's since lost both feet through an accident."—*Judge.*

The Song of the Stay-at-home Parsons.

The fools of a newspaper fad
Our case is exceedingly sad!
We were the Hop Bitters
(How Bunting now titters)
For the *Mail's* circulation—so bad!

How irreverent 'twas, don't you think,
For these slingers of vile printers' ink
To schemes of profanity
To turn "root-of-all-evil," that's chink!

And we, pious heads of the Church,
Came down from our dignified perch
To be bet on by bummers,
Gamblers, sh'ews, and all comers,
All for naught, for we're left in the lurch.

H. W. C.

Shakespeare and Moliere.

Whatever has been said of Moliere invidiously and ignorantly, no man has disparaged his charity, his generosity, his kindness, his unselfishness. He bore no rancor, he neither fawned nor flattered in an age of flattery; he was beloved by his company; he gave, as Baron, his friend and pupil, shows an example of the most hearty benevolence. There is something in Moliere which, to English readers, is unusually attractive and sympathetic. With all the wit of his own nation, he had a humor and a manly melancholy which we please ourselves by thinking more notable in our own greatest writers—in Shakespeare and Thackeray and Scott—than in the poets of France. No man with so great and tender a heart could find in life much happiness. But how much he has added to ours! what a brave and generous wisdom is his! what fortitude is in his laughter. The comedy of manners finds in Moliere her chief. We have lost Menander, but if in Terence

"The excellent
Adjusted fokis betray
The way Menander went,"

then not even the Greek was the master—probably he was not even the rival of Moliere. It is ill work, measuring and weighing great men together as if they were boys competing for a prize. I have been accused of provincial patriotism by a French critic for speaking of Shakespeare as if he were Moliere's superior. Yet we cannot but admit, surely, that the range of Shakespeare is far wider, and deeper, and higher; that he treads where Moliere never ventured; that he, like Virgil, is master of a style truly magical, and unanalyzable, and incomparable. To say so much is hardly speak as a bigoted Briton. But if Shakespeare passes where Moliere never risks himself, on the other hand Moliere goes with a sure foot where Shakespeare seldom comes; in the world of a civilized, witty, and courtly modern society, Celimene is not so dear to us as Rosalind or Beatrice, but Celimene's society is nearer to us than the court of Messina, or the forest of Arden, and her wit is not, like that of Beatrice, too often a broad, barbaric waggery. We cannot dethrone Shakespeare, but if Shakespeare has an assessor, his companion is Moliere.

To look for allusions to his own affairs in the plays of Moliere is a foible with his commentators. In his comedies they find a kind of cypher history of his domestic life, as they discover in Horace and Shakespeare political hints of which Horace and Shakespeare never dreamed. It is not unnatural that they should regard L' Ecole des Maris (June, 1651) as a kind of matrimonial programme, written by Moliere for the information of Armande Bejart. Everyone knew that he had made up his mind, perhaps with as much difficulty as Panurge, to risk himself in matrimony. In the interval preceding the performance of L' Ecole des Maris he had asked his company to allot him two shares in the theater, one for himself, and one "for his wife, if he married." He did marry Armande Bejart on Shrove Tuesday, 1662. But to suppose that he means the girl to expect that he would act like Arists in L' Ecole des Maris is to consider too curiously. The play is based partly on the Adelphi of Terence, partly on an incident in an Italian story. There are two brothers, Sganarelle, who is middle-aged, and a kind of vulgar Alceste—a slovenly curmudgeon; and Aristе, twenty years older than Sganarelle, who is all good-humored sagacity, and is full of sympathy with the young. Isabelle is the ward of Sganarelle, Leonor of Aristе. Both men intend to marry their wards, but Sganarelle is all for a policy of secluding and lecturing the girl; Aristе lets Leonor spend money and divert herself as she pleases. Aristе is one of the first *raisonneurs*, an easy, conversational philosopher of French comedy. We have had many such thinkers since from M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Augier. Isabelle falls in love with young Valere, who shares her passion. By a series of ingenious devices (as in Charles Bernard's Un Homme Serieux) Isabelle makes Sganarelle act as her emissary to Valere. The young pair go off and are married, while Leonor marries Aristе, who was old enough to know better, for he must have been nearly sixty. Moliere was only forty and it really seems improbable that he should have chosen to pose before Armande as an easy-going, tranquil, indifferent Aristе.—*Andrew Lang in Scribner.*

He Wanted Advice.

A man prominently identified with business and politics in the Upper Peninsula was in Detroit a few days ago, and running across a reporter whom he knew he went with him into the office of a hotel and sat down and said:

"See here, Jim, there's a reporter coming to interview me this afternoon. I can tell him lots of things, but I'm afraid of him."

"Why should you be?"

"Because they never quote me straight. Is there any way I can be sure that what I say and only what I say will go into print?"

"There is. In the first place, get pencil and paper."

"Yes."

"Then lock yourself in a room and write what you want to."

"I see."

"Then go down and figure with the advertising department at regular rates!"

"Yes."

"Have the proofs sent to you to be read and corrected!"

"Exactly."

"Then buy out the whole office for one day, and after your article is out, sell the concern back to the man you sold it to in the first place. The chances are that your article will come out about as you wrote it, but if it doesn't, you'd better keep still forever."

"Yes, I'm in fact, keep shut anyhow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Poor Heathen.

A good Austin father gave his son a nickel and sent him to church. When the boy came home asked him what the text was. He said he did not know.

"Did you forget everything?" asked the parent.

"No," said the boy carefully, "I remembered not to put the nickel on the plate."

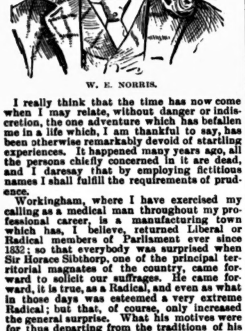
"Why, you heathen!"

"If I'm a heathen its all right. I know for once that the poor heathen got the nickel that was intended for him. I bought some cakes with that nickel."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE ROOM WITHOUT A DOOR

By W. E. NORRIS.

Author of "Misadventure," "My Friend Jim," "Matrimony," Etc.



W. E. NORRIS.

I really think that the time has now come when I may relate, without danger or indiscretion, the one adventure which has befallen me in a life which, I am thankful to say, has been otherwise remarkably devoid of startling experiences. It happened many years ago, all the persons chiefly concerned in it are dead, and I daresay that by employing fictitious names I shall fulfill the requirements of prudence.

Workingham, where I have exercised my calling as a medical man throughout my professional career, is a manufacturing town which has, I believe, returned Liberal or Radical members of Parliament ever since 1832; so that everybody was surprised when Sir Horace Sibthorp, one of the principal territorial magnates of the country, came forward to solicit our suffrages. He came forward, it is true, as a Radical, and even as what in those days was esteemed a very extreme Radical; but that, of course, only increased the general surprise. What his motives were for thus departing from the traditions of his order I did not inquire—indeed, I have never taken much personal interest in party politics—but he was triumphantly returned, and his skill in oratory—possibly also the incongruity of his position—soon earned for him a popularity far greater than had been enjoyed by any of our previous representatives.

It was on account of what I had been told about his eloquence that I attended a great meeting which he addressed shortly after his election; and I must say that a finer speaker I never listened to. He talked what seemed to me at the time to be rather wild and dangerous nonsense, although many of the schemes which he advocated have since become law; but the fascination of his voice and gesture, and his air of thorough, enthusiastic conviction were such that one could not help being carried away by him, and I soon found myself applauding as loudly as anybody. He was a tall, spare man, with singularly bright brown eyes. His age was propably nearer sixty than fifty; but he had a youthful carriage and, but for his gray hair, he might have passed for being on the better side of middle life. His speech, as I have said, interested me; but as he went on I began to take another and a more professional interest in the speaker. Those curiously brilliant eyes of his, the pallor of his complexion and a bluish tinge about the lips, which grew more apparent as he approached his peroration, were symptoms of an unmistakable kind, and it was very evident to me that Sir Horace's political career would be a brief one. He sank back into his chair at last, completely exhausted, amid a tremendous outburst of cheering, and I observed that he left the platform immediately afterwards, leaning upon the arm of one of his friends, while somebody else rose to address the meeting.

Not being particularly anxious to hear this gentleman's views, I had risen and was leaving the hall when a messenger ran after me and caught me by the arm.

"Dr. Drew, you're wanted!" he said breathlessly; "Sir Horace Sibthorp has been taken ill."

I went at once into the little room behind the platform, where, as I had expected, I found Sir Horace lying in a dead swoon, with two or three frightened-looking gentlemen standing helplessly around him. It was some little time before I was able to restore him to consciousness; but when his senses returned they did so with astonishing rapidity, and our grave faces seemed to amuse him.

"Don't look so solemn all of you," said he, laughing; "didn't you ever see a man faint before? It's a little way I have; it doesn't mean anything serious, I assure you."

I could have assured him that in all probability it meant something very serious indeed, and I almost felt that I ought to enlighten him, although, of course, I was not his medical attendant, and my opinion had been asked. My face doubtless reflected the thoughts which were passing through my mind, for presently Sir Horace said, in the same jesting tone:

"I know you're dying to listen to my heart, Dr. Drew. Well, I'm not going home to-night; so if you'll come round and smoke a cigar with me at the Red Lion, where I intend to sleep, you shall be gratified. Moreover, you shall have the additional pleasure of prescribing for me."

I accepted his invitation all the more willingly because his words seemed to show that there was some genuine alarm underlying that assumed jauntiness of manner; but unhappily the careful examination which I made after accompanying him to his hotel did not justify me in saying anything reassuring to him. To put things plainly, his condition was such that he might die at any moment and that, even under the most favorable circumstances, he was very unlikely to live more than another year or two. Naturally, I did not tell him so; but I warned him that he could not afford to trifle with his health, and that it was absolutely necessary for him to avoid excitement.

"My dear sir," he returned smilingly, "you might as well order me to avoid meat and drink. You give me to understand that unless I retire from public life I shall kill myself, and I daresay you are right, but there is another fact to be taken into consideration, namely that, for reasons with which I need not trouble you, private life would kill me. I firmly believe that my best chance is to go on with this sort of thing. It is ridiculous enough,' he added, with a shrug of the shoulders, "yet, somehow or other, it exhilarates me."

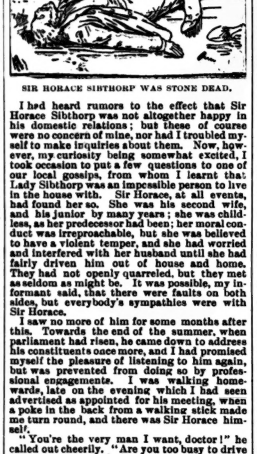
"I don't wonder at that, Sir Horace," said I, "nor can I see anything ridiculous in the strange political convictions that you hold. I am not ashamed to own that you carried me with you this evening, though I am pretty sure, now that I think over your speech in cold blood, that I utterly disagree with it."

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, with an amused twinkle in his eye; "so you took me seriously, did you! You really believed that I was sincere! Well between ourselves, that is just what I believe as soon as I get upon my legs—it's a queer, but at the same time a very enjoyable illusion. In reality, as I need scarcely tell a sensible man like you, democracy will never do for such a great, scattered empire as ours. Theoretically, this or that may be the best form of government, but what is the best for any given nation is a question chiefly of geographical conditions, and I have no sort of doubt that the best form of government for Great Britain is an oligarchy. When power gets into the hands of the ignorant masses—as it inevitably will—we shall either smash up altogether or fall under the heel of a second Cromwell."

"But if that is your opinion, Sir Horace," I objected, somewhat shocked by his levity, "why do you use such language as you used at the meeting to-night?"

"Only because, as I tell you, it exhilarates me to rouse the passions of several thousand fools. I couldn't rouse anybody's passions by talking Toryism, you see, and I have the comfort of knowing that I do nobody the slightest harm by my extravagance. The rule of democracy is quite certain to come; all the oratory in the world won't check or hurry its advance, and as for me, my sitting and shouting will have been forgotten long before the last act has begun."

I need not relate more of the protracted conversation which ensued. It was a conversation which interested me very much at the time, though less perhaps on account of its intrinsic merits than of the light which it threw upon the character of my interlocutor. He expressed himself with the most p rfect frankness throughout, and when at length I rose to take my leave, he was so kind as to say that he congratulated himself upon the little *contretemps* which had procured him the pleasure of my acquaintance. He was going up to London the next morning, without returning home, he told me. Indeed he seldom paid more than a flying visit to Sandridge Park, his place, which was situated about three miles from Workingham, although Lady Sibthorp customarily resided there.



SIR HORACE SIBTHORP WAS STONE DEAD.

I had heard rumors to the effect that Sir Horace Sibthorp was not altogether happy in his domestic relations; but these of course were no concern of mine, nor had I troubled myself to make inquiries about them. Now, however, my curiosity being somewhat excited, I took occasion to put a few questions to one of our local gossips, from whom I learnt that Lady Sibthorp was an impossible person to live in the house with. Sir Horace, at all events, had found her so. She was his second wife and his junior by many years; she was childless, as her predecessor had been; her moral conduct was irreproachable, but she was believed to be a violent temper, and she had worried and interfered with her husband until she had fairly driven him out of house and home. They had not openly quarrelled, but they met as seldom as might be. It was possible, my informant said, that there were faults on both sides, but everybody's sympathies were with Sir Horace.

I saw no more of him for some months after this. Towards the end of the summer, when parliament had risen, he came down to address his constituents once more, and I had promised myself the pleasure of listening to him again, but you may be sure I did not neglect my professional engagements. I was walking homewards, late on the evening which I had seen advertised as appointed for his meeting, when a poke in the back from a walking stick made me turn round, and there was Sir Horace himself.

"You're the very man I want, doctor!" he called out cheerily. "Are you too busy to drive home with me and make an examination of this troublesome heart of mine? I don't believe there's much the matter, but I've had some uncomfortable symptoms to-day."

"I am quite at your disposal," and presently I was seated beside him in his brougham, which took us out of the town at a high rate of speed. On the way he told me that he had been consulting several of my London *confrères*, who had done their best to frighten him.

"As if getting into a funk was likely to prolong one's life! However, I should like just to hear what you think of me. There are one or two matters which I ought perhaps to see to, in case of accidents."

The coachman did not turn in at the gates of Sandridge Park, as I had expected him to do, but, wheeling abruptly to the right, conducted us along a lane running parallel with the palings and pulled up beside a small iron gate.

"I daresay you didn't know that I have a tiny abode here which belongs to me exclusively," said Sir Horace, as he jumped out. "Well, I can take you into it; but I'll lay you ten to one in anything you like that nobody else can."

He dismissed the carriage and led the way into what, so far as I could see in the darkness, was a small circular building, surrounded by classic columns and surmounted by a dome. It dated, no doubt, from that eighteenth century period when such constructions were fashionable. I followed Sir Horace into a dark vestibule and thence through a door which he opened into a brightly lighted and comfortably furnished study. While I was glancing round it I heard the click of a closing lock behind me.

"Now," said Sir Horace, triumphantly, "how did we get in here?"

The room was panelled with oak and had neither door nor window, only a cupola in the roof and a fireplace. Opposite to me hung a red curtain, but it was obvious that we had not entered that way.

"Well," I answered, "I suppose we got in by opening one of those panels."

"Quite so, my dear sir, but which of them? And if you were to hit upon the right one, do you think you would hit upon the dodge of making it yield? Simple though the trick is, I doubt whether you would discover it, because no one has done so yet. And I have every reason to believe," added Sir Horace, with a twinkle in his eye, "that some people have tried their best."

I presumed that he alluded to his wife, and indeed he presently avowed, with his accustomed candor, that such was the case. "Lady Sibthorp," said he, "is a woman superior to nearly all the defects which disgrace erring mortals like myself, still to prove to her and others that she is not absolutely angelic, heaven has afflicted her with one small failing, in the shape of an insatiable curiosity. So, you see, this impenetrable den of mine serves the double purpose of protecting some of my papers from inspection and humiliating her ladyship—which I feel sure must be good for her soul. I have a little bedroom beyond that curtain, and sometimes I sleep here. However, I don't often do that, because it is inconvenient, having no place to put my man, Thompson. I generally send him to London with the luggage, as I have done to-night, and follow by the last train. By the way, I hope you don't mind walking back with me to Workingham. It's a fine night, and there's a short cut across the fields, you know."

I said I should enjoy the walk; and then he made me sit down in an armchair and gave me a cigar and fetched decanters and glasses from a cupboard. He was in the act of opening a bottle of soda water when he suddenly started, staggered forward and fell heavily to the ground. I was not surprised, for I knew that a his condition a very slight strain will suffice to bring on an attack of syncope, and the exertion of drawing a cork was quite enough to account for it; but the look of his face when I stooped down over him frightened me, and a few moments later I became aware that a great misfortune had happened. There could be no doubt about it; Sir Horace Sibthorp was stone dead!

I hardly know how long it was before the awkwardness of the position in which I was placed dawned upon me; but I daresay it may have been some little time, for of course I was very much shocked and distressed, and had not all my wits about me. I believe it was the necessity of raising poor Sir Horace's body from the floor, and the difficulty of doing so without help, that first enlightened me. Help there was none within reach, and, what was worse, I knew not how to get out and give the alarm. I made a long and laborious examination of the panels, but could not discover that any of them differed from its neighbors; I shouted once or twice with just a faint hope of receiving some response, and then I resigned myself to the inevitable. I should be able, no doubt, to make myself heard in the morning even if I did not, with the aid of daylight, find some means of exit; meanwhile I managed, by using all my strength, to drag the dead man into the adjoining bedroom and to stretch him out decently upon the bed. I have seen and handled too many corpses to be affected by that repugnance and terror which seem to be the instinctive sensations both of human beings and of the lower animals when brought into contact with the dead of their species; yet I must confess that that night appeared to me very long and rather gruesome—especially after the lamps went out. I neither slept nor attempted to sleep; my one anxiety was for the day to dawn.

But when the first gray light of dawn came, and when, a little later, the sun rose, and when, late or still, his rays failed to stream down through the cupola, I was no better off than I had been in the dark. In vain I searched and sounded the walls of my prison; in vain I hallooed at the top of my voice; and at length I sullenly flung myself down in the armchair again, fairly exasperated and worn out. Of course both Sir Horace and I would be missed, of course inquiries would be made, and of course I should sooner or later be released; but it seemed quite upon the cards that I might have to remain where I was for another day and night or more. With that agreeable prospect before me it may be thought somewhat strange that I should have closed my eyes and dropped off to sleep; but the fact is that I was dead tired.

I slept—as I afterwards discovered by consulting my watch—until nine o'clock or thereabouts, when I awoke with a start to find a tall, handsome lady with black hair and cold, clear gray eyes, standing before me. I guessed at once who she must be, and I scrambled to my feet, too much ashamed of myself to wonder how she had got in.

"Lady Sibthorp?" said I.

She bowed, and surveyed me with an air of serene interrogation.

I explained my presence, and broke the news of her bereavement to her as gently as I could. If I had had more time to collect myself I might have been rather less abrupt; but I am bound to say that her nerves showed no sign of being shaken, though she frowned and looked distressed.

"This is most unfortunate," was her rather odd comment upon my narrative. "Pray, doctor, looking me straight in the face, she added calmly, but a trifle sternly, "Sir Horace must not die just yet."

"But, my dear madam, he is dead," I remonstrated.

"It is possible," she continued, without deigning to notice my interruption, "that he may die to-morrow, for his brother, Admiral Sibthorp, is said to be sinking fast; still people often linger on longer than is expected. It is obvious that I have to enter into explanations; but I suppose the position of affairs must be made intelligible to you. Admiral Sibthorp, as perhaps you may be aware, is heir to the baronetcy and the entailed estates. As he has half a dozen daughters and no son, the next succession is Dick Sibthorp, the only child of Sir Horace's younger brother, who died many years ago. Dick is married to my sister, and I am very fond of them both; that, I suppose, is one reason why Sir Horace has chosen to bequeath his personal property, which is very large, to the admiral, instead of to them. Dick is only too anxious the event of his surviving his uncle. I may tell you," she added with a scornful smile, "that I am acquainted with the contents of my late husband's will, and that I long ago found my way into this Bluebeard's closet of his, of which he was so childishly proud. Since he chose to defy me I thought, and still think, that, having out-manœuvred him, I was fully entitled to take every advantage of my success. Well, now you understand how matters are. The admiral must, of course, have made a will leaving all that he has to dispose to his family. If, therefore, he survives Sir Horace, his daughters will divide a great sum of money between them, while poor Dick will come into a property which he will not be well enough off to keep up."

"I quite understand all that, Lady Sibthorp," I replied. "What I do not understand is why you should imagine that I am likely to assist you in perpetrating a fraud."

"It shall be made worth your while," she returned composedly.

I never, if I can possibly help it, lose my temper with a woman; so I took no notice of Lady Sibthorp's insolence, beyond pointing out to her that, even if I were as great a rascal as she obligingly assumed me to be, there would be insuperable objections in the way of my doing what she wished. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it might be requisite to hold an inquest upon her husband's body; in any event, the necessary arrangements for the interment must not be delayed; finally, Sir Horace's non-appearance in London and my own absence from home during a whole night would, of course, give rise to inquiry.

"No inquiry will be made about Sir Horace," she answered; "he has always been reticent and uncertain in his movements, and Thompson, his valet, is quite accustomed to losing sight of him. As for you, you have the advantage of being a bachelor, as a medical man; you need only tell your housekeeper that you were called away to attend an anxious case. The inquest difficulty is one of your own creating; it rests with you to sign the death certificate and give the directions to the undertaker."

"Well, Lady Sibthorp," said I, "I won't waste breath by arguing with you, nor will I tell you what I think of your heartlessness and dishonesty; for I feel sure that you are perfectly indifferent to my opinion. I flatly refuse to obey your orders, and I have the honor to wish you good morning."

"But you must obey my orders," she rejoined calmly. "If you don't I shall simply leave you where you are, and you are not provisioned. I am afraid you will be rather uncomfortable."

"Not half so uncomfortable as you will be when I come out and reveal the truth, Lady Sibthorp."

"Oh, I am not afraid of your revelations. Nobody will believe that I found my way in here; still less will anybody who knows me believe that I could behave in such a manner as you will represent. Nevertheless, I trust that you will not drive me to extremities."

She now changed her tone and condescended to plead with me. After all, she said, she was not asking me to injure anybody, she was merely assigning to me the part of a beneficent manipulator of events. Admiral Sibthorp's girls would be amply provided for; riches would bring them no additional happiness; but poor Dick and his wife were in danger of being crippled all their lives long by a cruel freak of fate. For herself, she had nothing to gain or to lose; her jointure was assured, and not a penny more than her jointure would she receive. But since I remained deaf to these entreaties and declined the bribe which she was confident would be enough to offer me, she broke off the negotiations abruptly, with a stamp of her foot.

"Very well, then," said she, "you may stay here and starve. You needn't trouble yourself to call for help; you might yell till you were black in the face before anybody would hear you."

"WHAT IS THAT?"

Now, I need scarcely say that I had no intention of letting Lady Sibthorp quit that room without me. I was determined that she should follow her, and most egregiously stupid it was of me to allow myself to be tricked by a transparent device.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, suddenly, staring at the curtain, towards which my back was turned, "What is that?"

I whisked round, but neither saw nor heard anything, except a click behind me, which let me know too late that I had fallen into her ladyship's trap. Well, she was gone, and I was once more a prisoner. I was furiously angry; but there was no more use in being furious than in attempting to burst the door. I did attempt—to discover the panel through which she made her exit. I had to console myself as best I could by reflecting upon the revenge which must eventually be mine; for, infamous woman though she was, I hardly thought she would run the risk of letting me die of hunger. Added to which, my housekeeper must by this time be raising a hue and cry.

I had been awaiting events philosophically for something like three hours when all of a sudden I perceived, to my amazement, that one of the panels had moved slightly back from the beading which surrounded it. I started up, it yielded to my touch, and in another moment I was out in the open air and face to face with Lady Sibthorp, who bowed ironically.

"You are like the prisoner in Artemus Ward's book, Dr. Drew," she said. "Suddenly a bright idea has occurred to you—you have opened the door and walked out. Allow me to congratulate you. I am sure that you, on your side, will congratulate me when I tell you that Admiral Sibthorp expired yesterday morning. They might have telegraphed to me, but they neglected to do so, and the news only reached me by the second post, which has just come in. All's well that ends well. You can go away and tell the whole truth, for you see the Admiral did die before Sir Horace after all."

"Do you look forward with pleasure to my telling the truth about your recent interview, Lady Sibthorp?" I inquired grimly.

"You can tell it if you like," she answered; "but I really think you had better hold your tongue. In self-defence I must give you the lie, and I think I am more likely to be believed than you are. Besides, what will you gain by telling your preposterous story? You won't injure me, for I shall leave Sandridge very shortly, and you won't do yourself much good by exciting the wrath and ridicule of Dick Sibthorp, who will now be your great man in these parts. Dick firmly believes me to be the best and kindest of women—as indeed I am to those I care for. He will certainly conclude that you were either intoxicated or the victim of some hallucination, and you may depend upon it that nine people out of ten will agree with him."

Well, there was something in that; and I am, as a rule, peaceably disposed, constitutionally averse to being mixed up in scandals. Duty no longer compelled me to expose Lady Sibthorp, and expiatory sacrifice seemed to me too. So, in giving my account of the circumstances attendant upon Sir Horace's death, I merely stated that, after having vainly sought the secret entrance through night and half a day, I had at last found that some agency for which I was unable to account had caused it to fall ajar.

I never saw Lady Sibthorp again. She died, a few days later, in Italy, and I do not know whether there was or was not any truth in the report that she had sent large sums to Sir Richard, which he refunded on coming into his uncle's wealth.

THE END.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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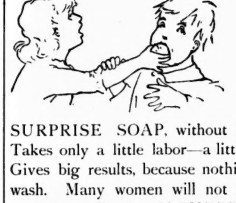
Mamma's in the "Owls."

Ethel—It's too bad it's cold. I prayed for a warm day. Does God always answer prayer?

Mamma—Yes, if you ask for it think in the right way, and if you don't be reproves you by not giving it.

Ethel—Oh, I see now, I have to say my prayers in French this month and I guess I made mistakes.

A TAKING WAY



of washing those cottons, linens, flannels so very clean—sweet—white. (The "surprise way," with SURPRISE SOAP, without boiling or scalding a single piece.) Takes only a little labor—a little soap (Surprise Soap)—a little time. Gives big results, because nothing can be sweeter or cleaner after the wash. Many women will not be without SURPRISE SOAP on wash day. Try it. If SURPRISE is not better—handier—cheaper than the Soap you now use, don't get it again. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

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A Spring Thought.

Iron is good for the blood; but no man likes to have it administered in the form of carpet tacks.—*Puck.*

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The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

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The Heroine of St. Rose.

For Saturday Night.

"There is no use, we must give it up." These words came in weary, dejected tones from the depths of a great armchair, where Dorothy had thrown herself after a long day's fruitless toil in search of summer board. We had made several days in like manner, starting out in the early morning, gay and jubilant, armed with sundry newspaper cuttings, which set forth in most enticing terms the charms of various summer resorts, but which, on closer inspection, fell far short of our dream of rural felicity. Our last experience, which had called forth the foregoing doleful remark, had been particularly trying.

"A charming summer home with a quiet family, beautiful scenery, boating, etc.," had captivated our roving fancy, but, alas, on inspection "the charming summer home" adjoined the village blacksmith's. "The quiet family" consisted of nine children, and "the scenery"—well, we didn't wait to look for it.

"Give it up! nonsense, I replied; "why we haven't been out to St. Rose yet!"

"St. Rose!" said the doleful voice, now somewhat sleepy in its tone; "there are no advertisements about St. Rose."

"All the better; we can take our choice of the entire village."

"Choice!" came from my friend, who, in addition to sleepiness and weariness, now seemed thoroughly cross. "I shall have nothing to do with it; it is sure to be a horrid little hole like all the rest," and with this pleasing remark Dorothy vanished.

But tired nature's sweet restorer worked wonders, and next morning, bright and early, we were steaming off to St. Rose. Half an hour's ride through small, but prosperous-looking French-Canadian settlements and cool, inviting woods where the birds and squirrels were holding high carnival, brought us to the very imposing station of St. Rose. We were promptly pounced upon by an important-looking individual in gray home-spun who, with a comical air of dignity and protection, waved his hand toward an ancient yellow chariot which proved to be the village stage. We obediently climbed in and found ourselves the sole passengers, whirled off at a rate one would never have imagined the sober horses capable of. On we dashed, our charioteer shaking reins and whip and shouting in some unknown language to his steeds; the lumbering old vehicle swayed from side to side, and we expected every a rather frail looking bridge, the now thoroughly frightened Dorothy grasped our charioteer's arm and pathetically begged him to "*N aller pas si vitre, sil bout plait.*" This choice selection he received with a nod and a beaming smile, and evidently determined to show us what he could do, flourished his whip and gesticulated wildly to his steeds, while poor Dorothy, believing her last hour was near, grasped the faded old curtains, and with chattering teeth prepared for the worst.

Blessed with somewhat stronger nerves, I managed to look about a little as we triumphantly entered the village, heralded by a cloud of dust, humorous, numerous small boys and dogs.

It proved even on first inspection prettier than the ordinary French village; the principal street was lined with large, graceful elms and maples, and standing well back from the road were several substantial-looking stone dwellings, whose thick walls and tall chimneys must have dated back to the last century and seemed to look down with a calm superiority on the pert little whitewashed cottages which had sprung up beside them. On we went past the handsome modern-looking village church and imposing residence of Monsieur Le Cure, and at last drew up before a small brown cottage, with bright blue window blinds, which proved to be *Le Bureau de poste*, and here he alighted. Resisting our charioteer's invitation to go to *L hotel du Roi*, we informed him that we were in search of *Une Maison de pension*. Could he help us! *Non, non,* gravely shaking his head, evidently disappointed in us.

It was his pride and pleasure to dash up to the portals of *L'hotel du Roi*, and there deposit his passengers, two lone spinsters who had the bad taste to prefer *Une Maison de pension*, and must canvass the village alone.

We now turned our attention to *Le Maitre de poste*, a little shrivelled old man with piercing black eyes, who looked curiously at us as he came down the little garden to take in the weather-beaten old bag, which contained the village mail.

I was spokeswoman, as neither Dorothy's nerves nor French had recovered from their recent shock. "*Non!*" he said at once, "there was only *L'hotel du Roi*. A good house, a very good house, everybody went there," and with a truly French-Canadian shrug, which expressed volumes, he turned away to more important affairs. A dark cloud passed literally and figuratively over our landscape, as Dorothy exclaimed "I knew it, I told you what St. Rose would be and now you've proved it, "but the silver lining of our cloud was already visible, for at that moment a quiet well-bred voice and a "perhaps I could assist the ladies" made us start to find standing beside us no less a personage than Monsieur Le Cure. One glance at his benevolent face and crown of silver hair made one feel that he was the confidant and advisor of the village in weal or woe. We were soon pouring forth our small troubles in his sympathetic ear. He listened attentively, took his daily paper (with a courteous bow from our friend the postmaster), and turning to us again remarked that if we would walk down the village, he thought he could help us; which we gladly did, feeling somehow as if we no longer had any responsibility about the matter. Slowly we retraced our steps until we again found ourselves opposite the church. Here the cure opened a garden gate and led the way to a pretty whitewashed cottage, surrounded by a profusion of sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers.

The door stood wide open and the cure walked into the neat little parlor with the remark, "I wonder where Mademoiselle Girard can be?"

Apparently not far off, for at that moment a bright faced little woman stood before us, who, (as Dorothy afterwards remarked) gave one the impression of being all brown, brown hair, bright brown eyes, a decidedly brown complexion and a shining brown cotton gown making up a very pleasing *tout ensemble*.

After a few words with the cure mademoiselle turned to us. Yes, she had a large room which she would like to rent, if we liked to look at it! Following her up a short, broad stairway and through a somewhat long passage we found ourselves in a long, low whitewashed room, with heavy beams across the ceiling, and an old-fashioned grandfather's clock that ticked peacefully in the furthest corner. The richly carved case of dark wood would certainly have brought a price calculated to startle the ancestors of mademoiselle, could they but know how time would at last be paid for.

Dorothy rushed to the window and uttered an ex-lamation of delight, and the view was indeed lovely—field after field of soft green, with the blue distance the river glittering like a band of silver, dotted with tiny emerald islands.

Yes, everything charmed us, and when mademoiselle went on to explain that she and her mother were the sole occupants of the little cottage, and that the silence and perfect order reigned we now saw reigned uninterruptedly, Dorothy and I had both decided before we rejoined the waiting cure that our summer home was found.

The following week we settled down, unpacked books and easels, and found ourselves in undisputed possession of the whole house I might say, for most of mademoiselle's time, when not engaged with her aged mother, was spent between the kitchen and small dairy.

How we revelled in the quiet and perfect freedom! What long mornings we spent rambling here and there as our own sweet wills directed, Dorothy intent on botanizing and adding to her number of specimens, and I dragging my easel from place to place, like a restless spirit, painting small boys and red cows, as fancy dictated; and when one morning we discovered a lovely clump of pine trees only a short distance from the house, where our hammocks might be swung, that was "really nothing," Dorothy said "left to wish for—not even company," she added reflectively, for we had persistently repelled any friendly advances from the gay world that formed the boating club and dwelt at the more aristocratic end of the village.

"Lonely, indeed! When we wearied of our own, had we not Monsieur Le Cure and mademoiselle!

The former we saw but little during the first month of our stay, but one day a restless longing, which nothing about me seemed able to satisfy, drove me into the church to try and imbibe some of the peace and quiet which was always to be found in its atmosphere. Crouched up in a dark corner, busy with my own rather gloomy thoughts, I must have looked a pitiable object, for a hand was lightly laid on my shoulder and a kind voice murmured,

"Ah, my child, many of us, your own flock come here for peace and comfort. Why should not you find it too?"

Simple words in themselves, but from that day the cure and I were firm friends. Forty years' experience of frail humanity had given him a keen insight into human nature. His faults and failings were clearly seen and gently dealt with. If the love and respect of the entire village could repay his service and devotion to them, Monsieur le Cure certainly had it.

Thus the summer wore away so quietly and imperceptibly that one morning it dawned on us unpleasantly that it was the middle of September, and but one week more of our stay at St. Rose remained to us.

"Such glorious weather, and so many places we have not yet been to ——," grumbled Dorothy, as she prepared for a mountain expedition after some rare specimen which had hitherto eluded her search, but which she firmly convinced awaited her at the top of the mountain.

Her guide and leader—a sturdy youth of some ten summers, who rejoiced in the appellation of Napoleon and whose daily avocation was to minister to the wants of mademoiselle's white cow stood waiting, a brimless old straw hat on the back of his curly head, a tin pail firmly grasped in his rather grimy brown hands, which he was evidently dying to fill, and it was extremely doubtful that he would think of doing so, as picking berries was not one of Napoleon's strong points.

Dorothy and her cavalier trudged off, mademoiselle and I waved our adieux from the steps and then turned our attention to an imposing procession that had just drawn up in front of the church—nothing less than a country wedding. The bride elect, blushing and important, was carefully assisted from the only carriage which the village boasted of and which did duty alike at wedding, christening and funeral. As the little party entered the church mademoiselle turned to me with a little sigh and said, "I, too, once thought to have a wedding there."

"A wedding, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, certainly; why not," I added quickly, wondering why it had never entered my mind to think of mademoiselle in that connection before. Her bright eyes filled with tears as she answered sadly:

"Because *le bon Dieu* knew that *ma mere* would need me, I suppose."

"Tell me about it, mademoiselle," I said, drawing my chair nearer to her.

"There is but little to tell, *chere*, but if you care you shall hear about Pierre."

And taking up her ever ready knitting mademoiselle commenced, in a strange mixture of French and English, the absence of which seems to rob her little story of half its pathos and beauty:

"Pierre was neighbor La Rue's only son. They lived in that big red house over there (pointing with a knitting needle) We used to play together when we were very little and then we went to school together, but Pierre was so clever—ah, much more so than the other boys!—and Monsieur Le Cure heard of it and would often lend him books and help him. Pierre had no wish to work on the farm, even when he was a very little boy. He always wanted to be a doctor, but that takes money, you know, and Pierre's father was so angry that his son did not care for farming that he would do nothing for him, and it seemed as if he must give up the idea and settle down here. Of course I would have liked that," naively added mademoiselle. "But that summer Pierre's uncle came from Quebec. He was very rich and had only his daughter Marie to think of. He seemed to take a great fancy to Pierre, and before he left promised to pay all his expenses at college if he would go to Quebec and study there. So Pierre went and was away for four years. We only saw him once in all! time for he was always busy, even in vacation, studying at the hospital. Then he became a doctor and took a gold medal. We were all so proud of him when he came home and showed it to us. But he did not bring us very good news.

His uncle's family were going to St. Paul, a city in the far west, and they wanted Pierre to go too, as it was a place where a doctor would be sure to do well. Pierre was not willing. He meant to settle down in our own village, but they laughed at him and told him his talents would be wasted here, and as his uncle had spent so much money on him Pierre felt that he must not displease him, so he was persuaded to go.

"That was the hardest time of all," said mademoiselle, wiping away a tear. "Of course Pierre was poor, very poor, and had to make a name for himself. And how was I to know that he would not entirely forget me and learn to care for someone else in that far off country.

"But he didn't, I am sure he was as faithful as you were," I eagerly interrupted. Mademoiselle smiled.

"It is so different with us women," she said. "When we once give our hearts we seldom care to take them back, but men—well, they lead such busy active lives that they think less of such things and consequently do not suffer as we do."

But Pierre wrote home often, all about his work and what a wonderful city St. Paul was. Then his father died and the old house was closed up, and for two years we had no news of Pierre. Of course I felt sure he had married and forgotten me. But one day, when I had almost ceased to expect it, a letter came from him. He had left St. Paul and gone further west to some new place where a doctor was much needed. He told how he rode about all day long visiting his patients, who sometimes lived miles and miles apart on the prairie, and then returned at night to the solitary little log house which he had built, and how he had always thought of me, and now wanted me to go and make a real home for him. He had arranged it all, how I was to go to friends at St. Paul, where he would meet me, and we would be married. Ah it was hard, too hard, to think of him lonely and wanting me, and then write and say no.

"Say no! mademoiselle," I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why I thought you cared for him!"

"So I did, so I did, my heart said go, but something whispered, How about *la maman mere?* She is growing old and feeble, who will take care of her! For a long time I could not decide. I went to Monsieur La Cure but he would only listen to me, he said, 'Pray, my child, and the right answer will be sent you.' I did, but no answer seemed to come. How could it, when I only thought of Pierre and myself?

"At last one day I brought Pierre's letter to the church and laid it at the feet of Our Lady, the Blessed Virgin. She had known earthly sorrow and could help me to bear mine. So I just knelt at her feet until she seemed to smile and stretch her arm towards me as if to say, 'Stay, my child, stay! Your place is here with your mother.' Then I felt at peace. I told our good cure and he took my hand and said, 'Did I not tell you to pray? Le bon Dieu has sent the answer and He only can send the strength you will need from day to d iy.'

"And so I have just lived on my quiet life, taking care of *ma mere*, and when she is called away I shall still find work helping the good sisters over there," pointing as she spoke to the tall white chimneys of the convent, as they stood out from a background of dark green elms.

"And Pierre, mademoiselle, did he live on his lonely life?"

"Ah, no, I could not expect him to do that. He needed help and encouragement. He married his cousin Marie, ten, twelve—no—fourteen years ago. Ah, but time flies, even with quiet village people! But nothing would satisfy at my father sad face. "This will not do, I have made you sad *ma chere*, I will forthwith go and make pancakes for tea." And with this sudden descent to every day life and its prosa'c reali ties, my heroine trotted off in the direction of the kitchen.

"A heroine!" I repeated slowly to myself. "All my life I have wanted to meet one and here in this quiet little village I have found her—living her quiet self-sacrificing life, and totally unconscious that she is doing anything praiseworthy."

Yes, that was decidedly where the charm in mademoiselle's pathetic little story lay, her complete forgetfulness of self and that that in its stead her care for her aged mother had grown life had been spoiled. But had it been? Would the searcher of all hearts call hers a spoiled life?

Our last week seemed to take a malicious pleasure in flying at a pace that no two previous ones had thought of, and a lovely bright September morning found us on the little veranda, surrounded by our "goods and chattels," which Napoleon was frantically endeavoring to stow away in the capacious depths of the old stage.

Our goundam friend and driver looking down from his lofty seat, remarked that it was *fort, fort tarde* and *le chevral fier* was most likely to wait for people who had so much of baggage," a speech which vividly recalled to Dorothy's mind the agonies of the first drive from the station and caused her to quickly disappear within its sheltering depths, while I turned to once more grasp mademoiselle's hand as she murmured in her quietly worded English, "I shall be desolate; you have made so much of pleasure in my life."

"And you have surely taught me the meaning of content and self sacrifice." I inwardly added, as I looked my last at our kind hostess and the fair little village of St. Rose.

SUB ROSA.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

PYTHIAS—Q uotations are not studied.

LEO.—Writing a brave hope, truth, constancy, mirth, some impulse, amiability, with all these good things a touch of selfishness, little ideality, some tact and faculty for managing people and things.

MCLEOD—Writing shows mirth, generosity, love of society, great tact and hopefulness, a little tendency to expansiveness in speech and manner, suff ness of study, and I think you f r your kind thoughtfulness in making it as complete as possible. Are your sometimes a little impulsive? I fee so.

C. A. R.—Writing shows great intuition, love of beauty and probable taste for music, some temper, decided personalness, and a very buoyant nature, sometimes too easily contented or easy-going either. I should think rather nervous and impulsive, some generosity, truth and love of justice are also shown.

LITTLE NELLY SHAKESPEARE.—Writing shows lack of determination and perseverance, kindness and sympathy, some grace of expression, little intuition, a limited amount of humor, an erratic impulse which will often lead you to hasty action and bring repentance in its train. You have some taste and decided truth and uprightness.

LILLIE.—Writing shows candour, energy, not much self reliance, too much indifference to the world, and the orderly, little tact or originality. I should have preferred a little more extended study for Lou and Lillie. Lou is most be sure that Lou wrote here first, and Lillie copied it. Lillie is not selfish, but she is rather apt to find fault with her neighbors when she might be better employed in writing and educating herself.

MARTHA AND E. V. G.—These two studies are so similar in leading characteristics that I will put them in one dissection. Martha has the greater taste and tact. Both writings show great determination, perseverance, energy, but while Martha has self assertion and a spice of temper. E V. G. is rather given to original cranks. The two natures would run charmingly together on certain lines, and I am tempted to believe the resemblance is due to a relation between my studies. It is not so?

DIANAH.—Writing shows want of self-control, great strength of conviction, some aptness and love for study, probably a nature that would love seclusion, but with all the force, some musical talent, great originality, but enough love of approbation to keep in check too great self-esteem and independence. There are undoubted capabilities for enjoying and suffering very keenly. 2. Never put your bird in a draught—the cranks are very sensitive and asthma and bronchitis are his most dangerous enemies.

TIMOTHY H.—Writing shows perseverance, constancy, conscientiousness, some mirth, attention to detail, and strong hope. It is rather a matter of fact hand, but apparently that of a well balanced character. 2 I once had the benefit of a friendless opinion, but gained little knowledge beyond the fact that I lacked the bump of hope altogether. The professor was a famous phrenologist, yet he was visiting my friend so there was no mention of charge. I should think not more than a dollar. The only change in your character as delineated by your handwriting is that I can imagine an improvement would be a little less care for others opinion and a little more self-reliance.

MARGARET—Sorry your letter to former delineator should have been so long laid by. Your writing shows erratic and uncertain, some talent, great self-consciousness, some individuality and talent, decided egotism, which will no doubt give you many a *moments quart d'heure*. You are decided in your opinions and expressions, and perhaps a little masculine in your thought. I don't think your writing is bad—it is legible, and to a chirographist suggest lack of those feminine traits which are so desirable, but it shows considerable strength and could easily be disciplined into a good hand. If you have really the wish to improve it, which I make bold to tell you I greatly doubt.

ECHO —Writing shows rather an impractical and visionary disposition, great hopefulness, some persistence, little tact or talent. If you wish to study chirography get some good work dealing with the study and begin to study the writing of some one you don't know, that you may be unbiassed. If a student you are not successful do it over again, but if you are at all adapted for it, success will come. Judging by your writing I cannot hold out great hope of special success for this difficult study. It shows an undecided and unbalanced disposition, though amiable. Your letter was very good as to its length and composition; tell why so you, and numbers of my good correspondents, put a "d" in oblige? It sounds so like Dampy.

PERSE.—1. Sometimes it is desirable and sometimes wiser not to cultivate too anxiously, but one must be guided by circumstances and the object in view. I do not always follow myself, but only that I might the better understand the character and disposition of my better half. Surely your *dearest* would be anxious to make you known to her. Writing denotes strong impulse, independence, decision, self-assertion, yet intense desire of approbation and affection. I should think my study was open to influences, and rather outspoken, a little capricious and fickle, rather given to exaggeration and somewhat prejudiced on some matters, with taste for art and music, decided talent and perception. Certainly I shall be pleased to hear from her at any time.

SPAR.—I am afraid you think your answer long in coming. And unless you secured your enclosure with this, it will have to wait a little longer. I meant whoever was at the wheel would need patience and tact in controlling and directing a nature which seemed strong and willful, prone to break from the narrow way. Such natures win generally a woman's best affection. They are much more interesting from their very willfulness and nearly always find some affectionate soul who is willing to help them onward and onward. Partly from your chirography and partly from your circumstances, I feel much interest in you, and shall always welcome your letters. I think you are humbugging a little when you ask if I think your writing very bad, on the contrary it is unusually good.

MARIE DUBOIS—1. I believe a girl is of age at eighteen, but I can't say just when the time comes that she can marry independent of her parents consent. No good girl with common sense would do such a thing in ordinary circumstances. 2. Depends on what you consider respectable, (if up you might consider respectable might not look so) to the authorship, and there are quite a number of young people in the Reformatory who will tell you they haven't done anything wrong, though you and I might not agree with them. 3 I don't know what the longest sentence is, but it would be several years. 4. Persons send in one sketches for criticism, and if they are except'onally good they may be accepted by a paper or magazine, but so much piracy and reproduction of cuts goes on nowadays among the papers that they don't need much original work, and as I said, a first class magazine would expect first class work, which I am afraid is beyond you. Writing denotes perseverance, lack of culture and ideality, some energy, but not governed by very exalted aims, a lack of grace and symmetry, no tact; it is not a very satisfactory specimen, and I should think Marie, that a good day's study of your spelling book would be beneficial to you. There are three bad mistakes in a letter of one page.

TORALDAS, Peterboro'.—For the most durable, easy and reliable safety wheel I refer you to our advertising columns. Every member of our embryo club who has purchased from this firm has been more than satisfied. I quite participate in your regret, dear lady, that you don't live near enough to join our club. Perhaps we may come wheeling down to you some day! I should not advise you to get the double wheel. It isn't nearly so nice and independent, or exhilarating as going singly. In New York and Chicago there are lots of wheels with the accommodation you mention. It looks very comical, but seems much appropriated. I am sure you and yours could have a delightful time if you were all fitted out with wheels. Writing shows tenacity of purpose, sensitiveness, independence, mirth, great power, originality and talent. You are not very firm or methodical, and don't always "fasten off your threads." I am afraid you would never make a diplomat, nor delight in finesse of any description, you are built on large and airy lines, and there is little embroidery about you. I hope you will write me again if you wish any information in regard to your cycling costumes, etc. I can put you in the way of getting the skirt, jacket, cap, shoes and gloves at most reasonable prices and will be p ased to do anything I can for you. The wheel for the "small boy" you will find at the same place as the Lady's Safety. It pays best to get the best in this article.

The Little Girl's Trouble.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally, St. Jacobs Oil was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

A Bad Break.

Rags (to fellow tramp)—Gosh! Why did they set the dog on yer?

Taggs—I axed that woman up there if she couldn't fix me out wid some cast-off clothes, an', by thunder, she's an old maid!—*Judge.*

He Had a Scoop.

A seedy but rather brisk individual squeezed past the outer guard and entered the editor's room. The editor looked rather surprised at his unannounced visitor, but he said politely:

"What can I do for you?"

"Yours is a hustling paper, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Always after the best and the latest?"

"Yes."

"Have no objection to getting a scoop on your esteemed contemporaries at any time?"

"None whatever."

"And you're ready to take a scoop now?"

"Yes; what have you got?"

"I've got something fine, great. No paper in the town knows of it or has heard of it, and I brought it to you first, for I knew you'd want the scoop 'em. It's a little poem I just dashed off"——

"Hey!"

"A little poem"——

"What the d——l do I care for your little poem!"

"I has never been published."

"No, and the chances are that it never will be published. Why, sir, you can thank your stars that you are allowed to walk downstairs."

"His poem a scoop. Well, if that isn't gall!"—*Texas Siftings.*

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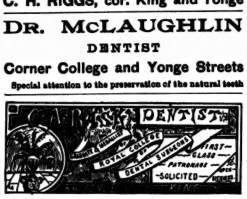

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Miss Copp of Westlawn left this week for England.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan entertained the following ladies and gentlemen at supper in honor of Mrs. Barwick on Thursday evening: Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Miss Hendrie, Miss Dewar, Miss A. Dewar, Miss Gildersleeve of Kingston, Messrs. Hay and Dickson of Toronto, Ricketts, Burns, Dewar.

Mrs. Graydon of London is the guest of Mrs. Walker of Hunter street.

Mrs. and Miss Hamilton of Peterborough are the guests of Mrs. McGiverin of Jackson street.

Mrs. Brooks gave a charming little dance for young people at her pretty residence on James street.

Miss Small and Dr. Scadding of Toronto were guests of Mrs. Bruce last week.

Miss Alice Rae has returned to town after visiting in Ottawa and Toronto for the last two months.

Mrs. Warren Burton gave a delightful luncheon on Friday to the following ladies in honor of Mrs. Barwick of Toronto: Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Hendry, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Harvey and Miss Hendrie.

Mr. Brown of London spent Queen's Birthday in town with his father, Mr. Adam Brown.

Invitations are out for the first tennis At Home. A very enjoyable day is expected on Wednesday but I will give an account of this next week.

Mrs. and Miss MacLaren and Miss Buchanan left on Monday evening for England where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Hamilton of John street gave a tennis party on Tuesday afternoon.

A very large party attended the Ontario Jockey Club's races at Toronto, on Saturday last. Among those present were Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Hendrie, Miss Muir and Miss Jessie Hendrie of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. and Miss Lottridge, Mr. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Miss Robertson, Mr. J. H. Harris, Chief and Mrs. and Miss MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Mr. Nesbitt, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Teestzel, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Doolittle. A very enjoyable day was spent.

Mr. Oliver of Chatham was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. Steele of Jackson street on Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Duggan of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. Mumford of Herkimer street.

Miss Leggat left on Tuesday evening for Paris and will be absent till next autumn.

The May *fete* given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week promises to be a great success. It is in aid of the Cathedral Guild, and it is hoped a large attendance will be kept up during the three days. SYLVIA.

BARRIE.

A very delightful impromptu dance was given on Wednesday evening of last week by Mrs. D. Spry in honor of her brother, Mr. Herbert Fortier, who has been her guest for a few days recently. The verandas were nicely enclosed and draped, making a favorite resort for non-dancers and others who enjoyed little promenades between the dances. Ices were served during the evening and supper at midnight. Among those present were Mr. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. and Miss Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie, Major and Mrs. David, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. George Esten, Miss Reiner, Mr. T. and Miss K. Boys, the Misses Mason, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Mr. W. A. Boys, Messrs. A. and H. Giles, Miss Cotter, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy, the Misses Baker, Mr. C. Crease, Miss Spotton, Mr. F. Norman, the Misses Forsyth, Dr. Arnall, Mr. Meeking and many others.

Rev. E. Harrison, M.A., of Toronto, spent a few days in town this week and was the guest of his sister, Mrs. George J. Mason.

The tennis match between the Toronto and Barrie clubs last Monday proved to be a great attraction judging by the large number of interested spectators. The fair sex was well represented and added greatly to the beauty of the affair by their pretty and suitable costumes. All present were exceedingly enthusiastic as the different games progressed. The lawn was in good condition and the weather charming, which are the two requisites to make this popular game thoroughly enjoyable. Light refreshments were served on the lawn during the afternoon. After the match was over "high tea" at Rock Forest was partaken of by those who played. Then later in the evening through the kindness of Lady Kortright the members of both clubs were invited to a dance at Hillside. It is needless to say that an enjoyable round of pleasures was participated in on this day by all, and great credit is due to the committee for the success which attended all their efforts. As a full account of this match has appeared in several papers it will not be necessary to go into full details, but it would not do to conclude this concise account without mentioning that the skilful playing of both clubs was very much admired and resulted in much applause from their many friends. META.

Next Week's Trotting Meeting.

There is nothing more enjoyable than a trotting race, even when it is not well conducted. It is noticeable at a country fair that the patons always gets near the race track when the trotting is going on. A running race may be all very well. The Governor-General goes to see and the rest of the public follow suit, but can a thin, scant-looking runner compare with that majestic piece of machinery, the trotter? With what regularity his limbs move and how his coat glistens in the sun as he makes the last turn on the inside track. There are people who tell you that the only greater pleasure than watching such a horse is driving him. Next week the Dufferin Park race track will be the scene of a series of trotting races. The best horses in Canada are entered and it will be a gala week for all interested in the best friend of man. Further particulars may be had in the advertising columns.

It Will Answer All Purposes.

Foreman—Madame Sara Berhardt is to be here next week and I want to know if you could get a cut of her picture so that we can give her a big send off!

Editor—No use of going to so much trouble. You can use that patient medicine cut, the one that says "Before taking."—*Judge.*

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED
THOMAS ORCHESTRA
OF NEW YORK
THEODORE THOMAS - Conductor
With Campanini, Raphael Joseffy, and Katherine Fleming
Famous Solo Artists.
ONE GRAND CONCERT
Under the auspices of the Toronto Philharmonic Society,
Pavilion, June 11
Advance subscription list open at Nordheimer's, Mason & Risch's, Suckling's, and Gourlay & Co. Lists close June 3. Tickets to subscribers June 5. Plans open to public June 6. Reserved seats $1 and $1.50.

Can You Afford
to miss spending a few weeks at the most charming of Canadian summer resort? Lorne Park is acknowledged by every one who has been there to be that place. If not, you had better make arrangements at once for rooms at the Hotel Louise. Rates, $9 and $10 and $15 and $16 per week. Magnificent steamer Carmona from Geddes' Wharf, and good train service by the G. T. R. Telephone, Post Office, Livery, Lawn Tennis, Evening Entertainments. Reduced rates in June. Address:
LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

TAKE THE FAST STEAMER
Empress of India
Daily at 5:40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, for
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York
and all points east. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress Ticket Offices.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen
SATURDAY
THE prettiest goods the New York market affords have been brought here by Mr. McKendry, who has just returned from that great city. The lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, who have not visited 202 before, should not put off any longer, for never since the doors of this store swung open have we shown such lovely goods at such little-sized prices. We are doing the
Millinery
trade of Toronto. Our prices are acknowledged to be much below the wholesales, and other retail men are sorely grieved at the way we are breaking up the old system of double and treble profits. Take a few lines from our Millinery rooms indicative of every department in the store:
Children's Leghorn Hats, wide brim, 50c, wholesale price, 95c.
Children's Black Leghorns, 69c and 99c, wholesale price, 85c and $1.10.
Fancy Leaf Fine Leghorns in cream and black, our price, 99c, wholesale price, $1 35.
Long Wreaths, 20c, wholesale price, 50c.
" " 25c, " " 35c.
These prices are absolutely correct, not put here at random, but after sending down and procuring samples of the goods. How is it done? That's our worry, yours to know that we have the goods, and our prices are simply untouchable.
What lovely Dress Goods and Silks we are showing!—elegance in design, beauty in texture, common sense basis in prices.
Monday Bargain Day
McKENDRY'S
202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS
18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL
We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.
Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected
ARTISTIC HOMES
BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.
BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.
HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2 500; no reasonable offer refused.
ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable well proportioned rooms, all in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep lot, nicely sodded; fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.
MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.
Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.
McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

HAVE YOU A BOY?
If you have, bring him here and we will clothe him fashionably and neatly.
We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.
T. K. ROGERS
522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

WE WERE RIGHT
THE BON MARCHE'S WEEKLY LIST
IS EAGERLY LOOKED FOR
Hundreds have taken advantage of it. For next week our Black Goods Department is chosen. What we will do in this line you should carefully note
CASHMERES, HENRIETTAS AND LUSTRES

75 pieces All-wool Black Nun's Veiling, regular price 18c. Our price next week only	12½c YARD	50 pieces Silk wrap Henrietta Black, regular price 75c. Our price next week only	50c YARD	48 pieces very fine All-wool Henrietta, regular price 75c. Our price next week only	60c YARD
60 pieces fine Black All-wool Nun's Veiling, regular price 20c. Our price next week only	15c YARD	45 pieces fine Black Silk Wrap Henrietta, regular price $1. Our price next week only	75c YARD	32 pcs. Bl'k Lustre, double fold, silk finished, regular price 60c. Our price next week only	45c YARD
40 pieces fine Black All-wool Cashmere, regular price 60c. Our price next week only	40c YARD	30 pieces Black All-wool Henrietta, regular price 65c. Our price next week only	50c YARD	25 pcs. fine double fold silk finished Bl'k Luster, regular price 75c. Our price next week only	50c YARD

Parties living at a distance who may wish to take advantage of these special prices should send for samples. We will be pleased to mail them to any address on receipt of same and we assure you that in purchasing a Black Dress from us you will save at least 25 to 50 cents on every dollar.
THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 King Street East

Special Sale of Wall Papers
WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c, per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold $1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.
ELLIOTT & SON
94 and 96 Bay Street Toronto

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OF
MUSICAL
= ART =
MANUFACTURE
IS THE
MASON & RISCH PIANO
HEAD OFFICE: 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

DUFFERIN PARK
First day, June 3—2.32 class, 2 45 and free for all.
Second day, June 4—Three minute class, 2 30 and 2 35.
Third day, June 5—2 50 class, named race, team.
Race and running race mile heats, 2 in 3, four to enter and three to start; entrance fee 5 p. c.; weight for age; purse $200, money divided 50, 25, and 15 p. c.; entries close June 2. Team race, purse $200, four to enter and three to start; money divided 60, 25 and 15 p. c.; entries close June 2; entrance fee 10 p. c. For the July meeting entrance fees will be reduced from 10 p. c. to 7½ p. c. for trotters and pacers.
Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds, 50c.; vehicles, 50c. Entrance fee, 10 per cent. payable on the date when entries close for each meeting. All races to be for trotters only, except 2 50, 2 27 pace and free for all. All money divided 50 per cent., 25c per cent., 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. In all cases there must be five to enter and four to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. The right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes, in other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied with entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Dundas, College, Dovercourt and Bloor street cars. J. S. CLARKE, Proprietor.
No. 880 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Niagara River Line
SINGLE TRIPS
PALACE STEAMER
"CHICORA."
Commencing Monday, May 15, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

The Champion Hackney Stallion, YOUNG NOBLEMAN, winner of first prize £100 and Gold Medal, open to the world at London (Islington) and ten first prizes. For catalogue of prizes, terms, etc., apply to
GEO. H. HASTINGS,
The Pines, Deer Park.

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AND OTHER STEAMSHIP LINES FOR
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I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.
Don't miss this opportunity.
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Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Wall Papers
Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are
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French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.
Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match
WINDOW SHADES
AND IMPORTED
GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS
4 King Street West

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Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking
112 Yonge Street
Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.
Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.
DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

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Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
FOR
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Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case
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OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
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Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BEST—At 19 Tranby avenue, Toronto, on May 22, Mrs. W. H. Best—a daughter.
WEBSTER—At Toronto, on May 24th, the wife of Dr. A. F. Webster—a son.
BICKNELL—At Toronto, on May 19, Mrs. James Bicknell—a daughter.
FRENCH—At Cookstown, on May 20, Mrs. W. H. A. French—a daughter.
ARDILL—At Merritton, on May 19, Mrs. James Ardill—a son.
CASIDY—At Toronto, on May 23, Mrs. Cassidy—a son.
DAVIDSON—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. William Davidson—a son.
HOGARTH—At Toronto, on May 23, Mrs. J. W. Hogarth—a son.
WOOLLEY—At Toronto, on May 21, Mrs. E. H. Woolley—twin daughters.
WILSON—At Picton, on May 24, Mrs. A. E. Wilson—a daughter.
DYRE—At Thornbury, on May 24, Mrs. V. H. Dyre—a daughter.
COTTERELL—At West Toronto Junction, on May 17, Mrs T. Cotterell—a son.
McEACHERN—At Toronto, on May 18, Mrs. Donald McEachern—a son.
SCULLY—At Toronto, on May 22, Mrs. William Scully—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACLAY—ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on May 20, James R. Maclay to Helen Robertson.
CUTHBERTSON—PHILP—At Toronto, on May 20, Charles Robert Cuthbertson to Lillie Augusta Philp.
FLETT—NICOL—At Toronto, on May 21, Alexander J. Flett to Erie E. Nicol.
MARTIN—VOLLETT—At Toronto, on May 21, Charles R. Martin to Rhoda S. Vollett.
STRATHY—JEFFREY—At Toronto, on May 26, R. L. F. Strathy of Kingston to Maud Jeffrey of Owen Sound.
MELDRUM—MacDONALD—At Toronto, on May 13, Harry B. Meldrum to Sarah E. MacDonald.
MARTIN—JONES—At Toronto, on May 20, Arthur A. Martin to Jessie Saxton Jones.
GARRETT—CHRISTIE—At Toronto, on May 23, Braff Garrett to Eva Christie.
WADE—JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on May 23, Ralph Clark Wade to Mary Jane Johnston.
GAYNOR—O'CONNOR—At Hamilton, on May 14, Joseph E. Gaynor to Florence M. O'Connor.

Deaths.

GIBSON—At Toronto, on May 20, Joseph Hiram Gibson, aged 19 years.
DRIFFILL—At Bradford, on May 20, Thomas Driffil, aged 82 years.
ROBINSON—At Toronto, on May 10, James Robinson, aged 41 years.
McCALLUM—At Strange, on May 20, Margaret McCallum, aged 78 years.
JOHNSON—Killed at Churchville, on C. P. R. Robert E. Johnson.
BELK—At Toronto, on May 20, Mary Belk, aged 45 years.
GORDON—At Toronto, on May 19, William Henry Gordon.
HOLDEN—At Toronto, on May 21, Gwendolen Isabel Holden, aged 1 year.
MUNROE—At Toronto, on May 22, Donald Munro.
MACKAY—At Goderich, on May 15, Bessie Mackay.
EMERSON—At Los Angeles, Cal., on May 26, Joseph Emerson, aged 51 years.
HAHN—At Toronto, on May 25, George Hahn, aged 63 years.
HANSCOMB—At Toronto, on May 24, Thomas Henry Hanscombe.
LEIGH—At Plymouth, Eng., Col. Leigh, late 98th Regiment and A.P.D.
SWANTON—At Toronto General Hospital, on May 25, James Swanton, aged 38 years.
GEMMIL—At Sarnia, on May 24, John R. Gemmil, aged 83 years.
BIGLEY—At Toronto, on May 24, Mary McNamara Bigley, aged 26 years.
McKINNON—At Mount Albert, on May 23, Mary McDermid McKinnon, aged 72 years.
RAESIDE—On May 24, William Raeside, aged 46 years.
ANDERSON—At Eglington, on May 23, Mrs. Ada A. Anderson, aged 26 years.
WOOLNOUGH—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. Mary Ann Woolnough, aged 64 years.
EVANS—At Orillia, on May 23, George M. Evans-Lewis, M.A., aged 63 years.
GREER—At Toronto, on May 23, Mrs. Eleanor R. Woodhouse Greer, aged 42 years.
BELL—At Newmarket, on May 20, Mrs. Maria J. Bell, aged 39 years.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. Susan William s, aged 74 years.
WALSH—At Hamilton, on May 21, Mrs. Catharine Walsh.
WESTCOTT—At Bowmanville, on May 20, Thomas W. A. Westcott, aged 35 years.
LONG—At Chicago, on May 24, Joseph Long, aged 24 years.
MORPHY—At Lincoln, Neb., on April 11, Eva Morphy

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Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets
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NEW SPRING GOODS
OVER $550,000.00 WORTH
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CHOICEST AND MOST SEASONABLE DRY GOODS
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AN ACTUAL SACRIFICING SALE
Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Millinery, Costumes, Hosiery, Gloves, Staple Goods, Prints, Sateens, Flannels, Ginghams, Shirtings
Carpets and Housefurnishings, Clothing, Woollens, Suits Furnishings, etc., etc.
ALL OFFERED AND NO RESERVE
Sale Every Day, Commencing Wednesday, May 20
THIS SALE IS DESTINED TO BE
THE GREAT BUYING OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON
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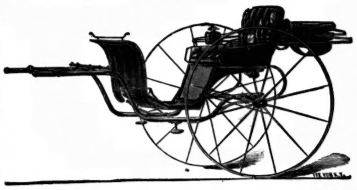
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



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Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.
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SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 2,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.
Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 356½ Yonge Street, 372 Spadina Avenue, 422 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.
The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2586.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

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G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.
RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.
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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
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Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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Mention this paper.

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H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 YONGE STREET
Are showing the finest assortment of French Delaines in dark and cream ground, the most artistic patterns and fast colors.
FRENCH TWEEDS—The most fashionable thing for street costumes at 40 cents a yard, usually selling for 65 cents. Dress Goods at 12½ cents a yard, always selling for 22 cents, and some at 5 cents a yard in plaids and plain goods.
FRENCH HENRIETTAS—All-wool and 45 inches wide at 35 cents that you will recognize as regular 50-cent goods.
Combination Dresses are marked down to just half price. All are this season's styles and reliable in quality. We have also just received a new supply of
Gold and Silver Cord and Braids (very scarce goods), Prints, Sateens, and Cambrics.
Our reputation for these goods is well known. Just received, 300 pieces new English Cambrics, French Sateens and Drillettes, which we are selling at away-down prices. No trouble to show goods.
Remember our great sale of Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons and Fancy Goods still going on.
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216 and 218 Yonge Street
MANTLE and DRESSMAKING OUR SPECIALTY